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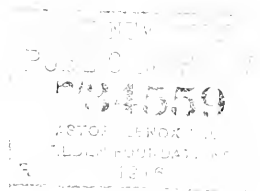


**MEMOIRS**  
AND  
**HISTORY**  
OF  
**Capt. F. W. Alexander's**  
**Baltimore Battery**  
OF  
**LIGHT ARTILLERY**  
**- U. S. V.**

BY  
**Frederick W. Wild**



**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
**1912**



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PRESS OF  
THE MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
LOCH RAVEN, MD.







GOING INTO ACTION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE DESCENDANTS  
AND SURVIVING MEMBERS OF

**Capt. F. W. Alexander's Battery  
Baltimore Light Artillery**

TELLING THE STORY OF WHAT THEY SAW AND  
EXPERIENCED IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR FOR THE UNION

**1861-1865**



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CAPTAIN FREDERICK W. ALEXANDER  
on the light horse, and  
CHARLES H. EVANS



# PROLOGUE

## A BATTLE PICTURE

**D**ID YOU ever see a battery take position during a battle? It has not the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it, that makes old veterans rise in their saddle and cheer. We had been fighting at the edge of the woods, every cartridge box had been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade, had melted away in the dead, wounded and missing; not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that if we break once more, the line will go to pieces, and the enemy will pour through the gap. Here comes help! down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from another position to save ours. The field fence is scattered in less than thirty seconds and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece, three riders to each gun. Over ditches where a farmer could not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on a gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling. The sight behind makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump several feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer looses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill, as if he who reached it first was to be knighted. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses are hurried away, the ammunition chests are opened and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed, when, boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire flash from the guns and rend the green trees under which we fought and despaired. The shattered brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form in line of battle behind the guns, and lie down. What grim cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince, bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge.

There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat—misses one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using short—fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sound from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the woods to cut trees off short; to mow great gaps in the bushes; to hunt out, and shatter, and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognised as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—ay! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form a rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and cannister, and the guns are served out so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is one of the wickedest sounds in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent-like hiss of cannister. A round shot or shell takes two or more men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and cannister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flash of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks, and screams, and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot.

That discharge picks living men off their feet, and throws them to the ground a blackened and a bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of a few seconds, and the flash and roar of several thousand muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is the living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over mounds of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood, every blade of grass has its horrible stain.

# INTRODUCTION

**M**ANY Histories of the Civil War have been written, and many more will follow. Each individual soldier has his own personal experiences to record, and it is proper that he should do so, for the benefit of generations to come. There are instances that are instructive, many that are amusing, many that are tragic, serious and sad, and all I trust interesting. These relations are intended to impress upon the younger generations, the sacrifices made by the Union soldier, that they may enjoy the benefits of this great nation.

The great influx of immigrants from foreign countries, who are enjoying the vast opportunities offered to the poorest of them, made possible by our efforts: without reasoning, without knowing what the efforts were.

“They know not what masters laid her keel,  
What workmen wrought her ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of their hope!”

. . . . .  
This country that they are enjoying.

They are in many cases to be likened to destructive animals breaking into a cultivated field to enjoy, devour, and often to destroy the fruits of the planters labor; not thinking, never caring, nor giving a thought to the hours of toil through heat, storm and sacrifice that produced this abundance. In the larger cities the veteran soldier is lost sight of in the scramble and turmoil of a busy life, and the great number of historically ignorant foreigners.

These are only geographically American. The great West, Kansas for instance, is more American. The smaller towns and villages do not forget the veterans of 1861—1865, and revere them more and more, as their ranks grow thinner.

These Memoirs are written more for the good they may do in the way of instruction and amusement of our own family, relatives and friends, and it is at their suggestion that I have undertaken the task. I feared at first that I would not be equal to it and do the subject full justice, but I have done the best I could, and therefore beg the indulgence of my readers for any short comings that they may notice, and console themselves with the thought: "That it is better to have tried and failed, than not to have tried at all."

Having kept a diary during these years of struggle when the fate of the nation hung in the balance, I have been enabled to refresh my memory, and relate the incidents as much as possible in the order in which they have occurred.

FRED. W. WILD.





FREDERICK W. WILD  
THE AUTHOR

# RECOLLECTIONS

## CHAPTER I

### THE ENLISTMENT

#### THE KIND OF MEN COMPOSING THE BATTERY

**T**HE war had been going on for a year or more. The first great battle had been fought. The Seven days battle, or rather the retreat of the Army of the Potomac, down the peninsula from in front of Richmond was going on; Washington was threatened, when on August 5, 1862, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand more volunteers. There was a new awakening as to the necessity of a more vigorous effort on the part of the loyal people of the country, if the Union was to be preserved. Under this impulse, I decided to offer my services, and if so ordained, my life, that my country might live.

There were a number of friends and schoolmates who decided to do the same. There were enough of us, to make one gun squad. An advertisement, to the effect that a certain Frederick W. Alexander, had been commissioned to recruit and organize a battery of light artillery, to be known as the Baltimore Light Artillery. Recruiting station China Hall, on West Baltimore Street. Thither we went to make inquiries. I not being of age, was given a blank form which my father was to sign, giving his consent to my enlistment. He hesitated at first, but I made quite a little patriotic speech, calling his attention to the fact, that there were four other sons, and that he ought to be willing to sacrifice one for the cause which he had always

so earnestly advocated. I can see him now with tears in his eyes, as with trembling hand he signed the paper. I realize now, since I have become a father, and a grand father, what this sacrifice meant on his part; but he was only one, of many thousands thruout the country. It was War!

Returning to the recruiting office, and while in conversation with the Captain, I asked him among other questions, "whether he thought the war would last much longer?" as I was afraid that it would be over before we got into active service. He replied, "young man: The war has just begun, and you will have ample opportunity to be killed, before your three years will have expired;" and he was correct, as subsequent events showed. The opportunity was given many times, but thanks to Providence, the killing was left out. I was some what taken back, when I was told to divest myself of all clothing, and stand before the officers, and medical examiners for inspection, as to my physical condition. The doctor simply looked me over, and remarked, "You will do. You have never been seriously ill in your life." I will here state, that, owing to out door life, reasonable care of my health, plain wholesome food, I soon gained flesh, and grew three or four inches taller.

In the Artillery service also, there was always enough to do in camp to keep a young man in good condition, such as attending, drilling and exercising horses, and incidently one's self. In addition to my friends and acquaintances, and about one hundred and fifty Baltimore boys, there were three or four from Western Maryland, Sharpsburg and Hancock, one from Anne Arundel County whose brother was in the Confederate Army, also a contingent from Havre de Grace. All in all they turned out to be as



good and noble set of men as you will find anywhere in a group of one hundred and seventy young men.

They contained all the elements necessary to make a first class battery of artillery, mechanics, farmers, clerks and boatmen; one had been a miner in California, and knew all about roughing it, one a sailor in the Navy before the war and knew all about order, cleanliness and discipline. At this late day I still admire the boys for their readiness in acquiring these three great essentials, that make a good soldier—order, cleanliness and discipline—these, together with a kindly, helpful disposition that permeated the whole company, soon put us on a footing with as good a battery as any in the service. The men were intelligent and willing to learn. At first the country boys took the horses and became the drivers of the teams, the other became cannon-eers—later on they changed about, until every boy could fill any place in time of action.

After the medical examination and enrollment we were ordered to Camp Carroll, now Carroll Park, where rations were issued and tents provided. After a few days we were marched to the entrance of Druid Hill Park, occupying the ground where the lake is now located, and a motley looking crowd we were, without uniforms. The country boys in their home-spun clothes, others in their working clothes, the dude in patent leather shoes and piccadilly collar, the farmer and the blacksmith, altogether it was typical of the make-up of that great Union Army. The martial spirit, however permeated the boys and they tried to keep step, but they had not fallen in line according to size for lack of drum and fife we whistled all sorts of tunes to march by. Such were the men I was to be so intimately associated with for three years, with all the trials and vicissitudes of war, in camp, and field, in battle, long

marches by day and by night, in sunshine and rain, in the prison and out.

We shared our blankets and tents together  
And marched and fought in all kinds of weather,  
And hungry and full have we been;  
Had days of battle and days of rest,  
But this memory I cling to and love the best  
We drank from the same Canteen."

Our officers when we were mustered into the service were, Captain Frederick W. Alexander, of a well known and prominent family:

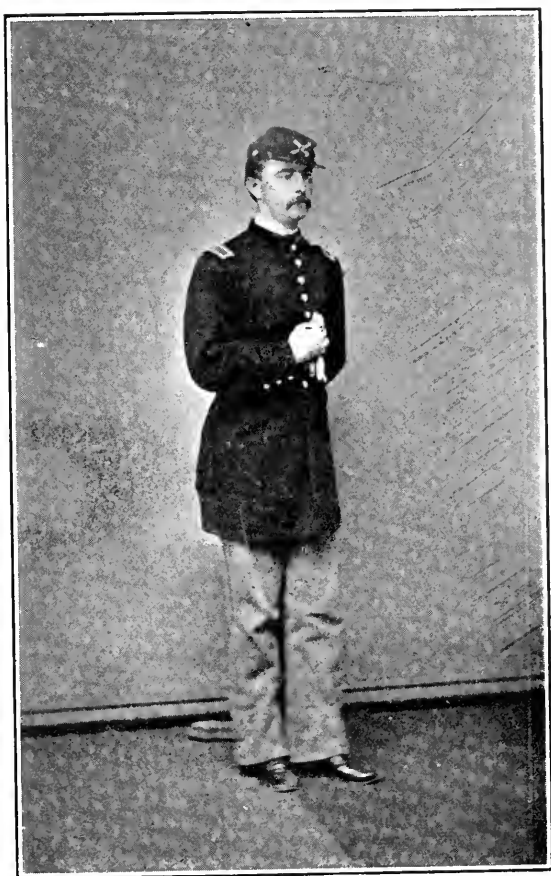
First Lieutenant H. E. Alexander, his brother.

First Lieutenant Charles H. Evans, a druggist at that time;

Second Lieutenant Peter Leary, Jr., son of a Congressman;

Second Lieutenant J. T. Hall, M. D.,  
all of them bright young men who soon mastered the duties pertaining to their offices.

Camp Stanton this first camp was called and here we were mustered into the service of the United States, and received our uniforms, but they were not tailor made, nor tailor measured. Every one got an outfit which was charged to him according to U. S. Army regulations, including Army brogans whether he wanted them or not—they were distributed regardless as to size or fit, and "The Soldiers Put Them On," creating much merriment as they formed in a line and paraded in them. The short men with pants six inches too long, and the tall men with pants just as much too short, and so it was with the stout and the lean. Most of the clumsy shoes were thrown away to be gathered up by the more thrifty and sent home or sold. We soon learned, however, that these "gun boats" as they



PETER LEARY, JR.  
as a Second Lieutenant of our Battery



were called, were all right, and the best for Army use. Finally by swapping and changing around they all got a near fit.

Leather stocks or collars about two inches or more wide, with buckles on the ends were also distributed and charged for. They were intended to make the recruit hold up his head. These "dog" collars, as we called them, were rejected altogether, and never worn. Heavy brass epaulets to ward off saber cuts over the shoulders, were also soon discarded.

We had received our tents, and the camp routine began. Awakened by the bugler's reveille, followed by the blowing of assembly for roll call ten minutes later. The boys soon found words to the tunes of the bugle, for instance for assembly, they sang as follows:

"You had better be at home, with the girl that loves you dear,  
Than be risking your life as a bold cannoneer."

Stable call, guard mount, and other calls, followed during the day until taps at nine o'clock at night. Before receiving the guns, we had sabers and revolvers, and were drilled in foot movements like an infantry regiment. It seemed to come natural to the boys, and there was no awkward squad. We had fun with our drill sergeant, an Irishman with the regular Irish brogue had drifted into our company and was made a Sergeant on account of his military knowledge, but his commands with the Irish accent created a great deal of merriment, for instance, he wished to explain that all commands were preceded by a preparatory command, in order to have all movements simultaneous; like the command to march, is always preceded by the word "Forward" before command "March" is given. To draw sabers at the, word "Draw"

the scabbard was clasped by the left hand the right hand clasping the hilt, giving a slight start to the saber, and at the command, "Saber" every blade was supposed to be drawn simultaneously. The Irish sergeant explained as follows: "When I say dra, don't dra," but when I say "Saber, then dra." The poor fellow never heard the end of it. "When I say dra, don't dra" it seems so much like an Irish bull. He was a good drill sergeant but started in the blustering and bullying ways of the regular Army, that the volunteer American soldier boy would not stand for, and he soon got into disfavor and one day a guard of regular Army soldiers from Fort McHenry came after him and took him away. They said he was a deserter from the regular Army and that was the last we saw of him.

In a few days we received our cannon, old brass six pounders, left over from the Mexican War, good enough to learn the manual of the piece, that is, how to load and fire and manoeuver, and drill with horses.

There was great excitement in Baltimore, as the rebels had invaded Maryland. We had guns but no horses, and horses we had to have, so they were taken from teams, hacks, street cars, or wherever they could be found. Many of them were entirely unfit for the purpose and resented the treatment by kicking, rearing and plunging in every conceivable manner, mostly caused, however, by the ignorance of men and officers. Useless ones were returned and replaced in a short time, so that by September 17th, 1862, when the battle of Antietam was fought we were drilling with horses. Two of our guns were sent to guard the Northern Central Railroad at Relay Station without horses.

We left Baltimore September 18, the day after the battle of Antietam had been fought, with our old brass

field pieces, unbroken horses but full of enthusiasm, and the spirit that always pervaded the American Volunteer. We thought that we were as good, as any of the enemy which could be pitted against us. We landed near Monocacy junction, and camped in a field, but recently occupied by a part of Longstreets Corps of the Confederate Army; it may have been but a few days ago; and while we were too green to be trusted at the front, we answered a good purpose, by taking the place of the more experienced troops. Here it was that our soldiering began in earnest; became the real thing; putting up tents, attending horses, soldiers, rations soldiers cooking, and getting acquainted with each other.

It is an old saying. "That if you wish to know a man, go camping or campaigning with him."

Here were boys from all parts of the State and city, yes, and a country boy from Ohio. There was a group from Haver De Grace, fishermen, farmers, duck hunters, also a group from an Engine Co. of the City fire department.

The bridge over the Monocacy river had been destroyed, but, by Sunday September 21, I had an opportunity of riding to Frederick on the first train that crossed. I visited the hospital, where I met some of the boys of my early childhood; now wounded, one of them died the next day; they belonged to the Fifth Maryland Regiment, which had taken an active part in the battle of Antietam, losing many killed and wounded. All of the spare time at this camp, was devoted to drilling and horseback exercises. There were some sore city boys for the country boys to laugh at, and I being a city boy, did not think it such a laughing matter.

## CHAPTER II

### OUR FIRST MARCH

**S**EPTEMBER 26, nine days after the battle of Antietam, we received orders to cook rations for two days march, and left our camp by 10 A. M. The next day marched thru Frederick, Boonsboro, and Middletown. The beautiful country, (Middletown Valley), and the novelty of a thirty mile march before us, was like going on an excursion or picnic; but after the first day's march on horseback some 15 miles, we felt tired and exhausted. The next day we passed through Sharpsburg, and the battlefield of Antietam, just ten days after the battle; many dead horses were strewn around; long trenches of graves, where the dead soldiers were hastily buried. I there found a broken saber of English make, and was impressed with the fine grain of the fracture (this was evidently a Confederate weapon, as we had no imported sabers to my knowledge.) I made a carving knife of one part, and a razor of the other, the knife I carried through the war, and cherish it as a relic, the razor I gave to one of my sons after the War.

### A FLAG OF TRUCE

#### I SEE THE FIRST CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

The second days march, brought us to Williamsport Md., from where we could see the rebel pickets defiantly holding their own on the other side of the Potomac. It was the Brigade of General Wade Hampton, C. S. A. that was holding the high ground on the Virginia side. Here occurred the capture by Lieutenant MacMachen, 1st Mary-



land Cavalry, of a picket of six men of Wade Hamptons Brigade, just as a flag of truce had returned to the Virginia from the Maryland shore, occasioning a correspondence between General Kenly and Wade Hampton as to terms of the truce.

How it ended I do not know. The officer bearing the flag of truce was the first Confederate soldier whom I saw. He made a good impression with his new uniform, and fine soldierly appearance.

At this place we were joined by the First, Seventh, Eighth, and other Maryland regiments.

Here also the section of two guns, which left Baltimore a day or so previous to our departure, via. Northern Central Railroad, having been detailed to guard the railroad, joined us.

The troops here were placed in a defensive position, and were called lines of battle defence of Williamsport. Two of our guns were placed in position to guard the ford of the river. Small earth works were thrown up to protect the position.

It seemed like a dream, when a few years ago, I paid a visit to the little town, and on its suburb, I saw a cannon, standing in the earthworks facing the ford, and a flag staff, with Old Glory floating from its peak, just as it had been in the autumn of 1862.

It stirred up visions of the past and memories of long ago. I could picture the gun surrounded by my youthful comrades, I was young again and like in a dream, I was one of them. It is in the cemetery where many union soldiers lie buried; and I suppose kept up by the government as a National Cemetery.

The monotony of camp life was relieved by many little incidents, some humorous, some otherwise.

One boy had a leg broken by being run into by another while exercising their horses. Then there were numerous alarms, mostly in the dead of night, when tents were taken down, horses harnessed and all ready to move.

We learned later that most of these alarms were tests and drills, and we had gotten that down to such a system, that we could be awakened at any hour from a sound sleep and be ready to march in good order, in less than ten minutes.

I learned a good lesson here, in regard to horses. It had been snowing, the horses were all attached to a heavy cable stretched from tree to tree, with the harness on the ground back of the horses.

The alarm was sounded, I hastened to my horse, and in the greatest excitement I endeavored to put the bit in his mouth, but my being excited, frightened or excited him, up would go his head, I stood upon a cracker box that I used as a feed trough so as to reach his elevated head, only to have him duck his head way down again, and so it kept on for quite a while, until I finally succeeded in getting on the bridle and brushing the snow from his back, all this in the dark of the night; put on the saddle and mounted. But I was among the last to be ready, while my ambition, as always, was to be first. I learned from this never to approach a horse in an excited manner, no matter how urgent. Always approach a horse quietly and calmly, put on the bridle, and the rest will be easy. I believe that this is the reason so many horses perish in the flames of a burning stable. They are frightened by the excitement of the person who tries to rescue them. This always holds good if you want your horse to be calm and not frightened, be calm yourself.

## CHAPTER III

### THE BURSTING OF A CANNON

OUR captain had invented a breech loading cannon, an experimental gun with a one inch bore. This was brought to camp. Our modern breech loading guns have a screw in the breech that swings back on a hinge. The charge is inserted, the screw brought into position and a half a turn locks it. The above mentioned gun had the screw on the top, and when opened there was a hole thru the screw, thru which the charge was inserted and half a turn locked it. Several shots had been fired at a target while I had been standing to the left and the rear of the breech, but the smoke prevented me from seeing the target, so I fortunately moved forward and to the left of the muzzle. With my eyes on the target, I heard the report more violent than the previous ones, and looking back thru the smoke I saw three or four men on the ground and heard the cries and moans of the wounded.

There was one however who was silent. A drummer boy of the 8th Maryland regiment who had his skull crushed by a fragment of the cannon. The most serious of the wounded was one of our boys whose leg was shattered half way above the knee, so that the bone protruded thru his pants: one had a rib broken; the others were not so seriously injured. For my part I considered that I had made a narrow escape, for if I had remained in my first position, I surely would have been injured, if not killed outright.

On the 25th of November we exchanged our old smooth-bore brass six pounders for the new modern three inch rifled steel guns, which up to that time was the most serviceable gun invented, the shot weighed ten pounds and one pound

of powder was a charge, and with them we did some excellent and accurate shooting.

We had been using an old oak tree some eight hundred yards distant for a target. With the old brass pieces we would make a hit once out of four, and then if the tree was fairly hit the ball would rebound as though made of india rubber. With the new gun we hit the target the first shot, which buried itself deep into the oak. This gave us great confidence in these guns, which subsequent events proved was not misplaced. They shot so much farther than the old brass pieces that had been discarded, that we had to give up target practice on that field for fear of doing harm. Fifteen hundred to two thousand yards was considered the most effective distance for solid shot and shell but if the guns were elevated high enough, the shot would give effective results at more than twice the distance.

## FORAGING

Many stories have been told of soldiers who would scour the country for several miles out side the lines of the army to procure extras that the commissary did not furnish, such as poultry, pigs, mutton and etc. Such proceedings were forbidden by all commanding officers, yet when such delicacies were brought to camp, not many questions were asked as to how they were procured. One soon learned to appreciate such diversion from the monotonous salt pork corned beef, beans and hard tack (as the crackers were called). A nice fresh pork chop was indeed considered a delicacy, and as for a little roast pig stuffed with potatoes and seasoned with onions and bacon, with roast sweet potatoes on the side was a treat never to be forgotten. It is now nearly fifty years since then and the fact of my mentioning it after so many years is the best evidence of the truthfulness of the above assertion.

We did not scour the neighborhood for this particular pig for it came into our camp with a number of others and was rooting among our horses, and as this had been forbidden by the General commanding, because the pigs of the neighborhood had become a nuisance, by getting into our stores of oats and corn intended for our horses, so an order was issued to the effect, that citizens were to keep their live stock especially pigs in an enclosure and not leave them roam at large, or he would not be responsible for their disappearance. Well this particular pig was violating the Generals orders, which put his life in jeopardy and so he came to die like a hero for the good of humanity. Some said a horse kicked him, at any rate it was not long before

he was bled, scraped and dressed for the pan by one of the boys who had worked with a butcher and knew how to do such things. Now came the question of how to roast or cook it. Not far from camp there resided a lone widow who used to do the washing for some of the boys, she had brick bake oven under a shed in her yard, like all country people in that neighborhood, thither we went with the pig wrapped in an oats bag to see whether she would roast it for us and when she saw it she exclaimed with tearful eyes, oh; that was my pig, we told her the sad story of how a cruel vicious horse had kicked it and we did not know who it belonged to &c. Influenced by a generous impulse and pity we agreed to pay for it if she would roast it for us, to which she readily assented. One of the boys split the wood for her to heat up the oven, there were 12 of us in our mess and an assessment of 25 cents apiece \$3.00 which she thought was too much, so that to even up she added a generous supply of sweet potatoes, we furnishing the other ingredients. This was on Sunday morning and I was detailed to go to Hagerstown after the mail seven miles away, which meant a 14 mile ride a horse back. In the meantime it blew up cold and commenced to snow, just as I was returning to camp I saw two of the boys carrying a large pan with the roast pig and sweet potatoes. My fourteen mile ride had given me such an appetite that I felt as though I could have eaten the whole pig myself, but it was enough for all of us, topped off with cider and ginger cakes and apples for desert purchased from the little town store, but what gave us the greatest relish was the fact that we had honestly paid for it, even if it had not been our original intention to do so. Later on however as the war progressed all of these opportunities came to an end. Pork mutton, chicken &c, became exceedingly scarce especially in the

Shenandoah valley from Harpers Ferry to Staunton and beyond. Such of the people who had not fled and deserted home and farm, were often glad to come into our camp and get some of our surplus rations, frequently bringing dried apple pies to trade for salt pork, coffee, salt, pepper, etc. The dried apples had mostly been procured from the soldiers and as lard was scarce the pies were hard and leathery, so it became a standing joke to inquire whether they were sewed or pegged. As to coffee one of our boys found a market for our used grounds. He would dry them carefully, and stir in the dust from the empty coffee barrel, discarded by the commissary. I will here explain that our coffee was received roasted and ground, packed in barrels lined with heavy paper and when it came to the bottom of the barrel there was always a quantity of fine coffee dust, which gave the old grounds renewed coloring and flavor. He had been a grocers clerk and had evidently learned some of the tricks of the trade. Connecticut yankees have been accused of making wooden nut megs, and as we were all yankees now anyway, such little tricks made no difference, but this beat the wooden nutmegs all hollow.

Late in the fall our camp was moved to a more strategic position. This new camp on the Clear Spring road half a mile from Williamsport, was on a bleak hill and the corn had been harvested leaving the stalks in shocks, which we put to good use.

As the winter was now coming on, cooking in the open, with often a strong wind blowing from the north was becoming a serious problem, that the corn stalks helped to solve. We built a frame work of fence rails and covered them with the corn stalks with the open end facing to the south into which we put a bench so it made not only a handy kitchen but a sort of a dining room as well. Here we

learned how to utilise the broken crackers that were always found in the bottom of the boxes. We would soak them in a messpan over night, in the morning we would cut up some fat bacon, or salt pork rather, and render or fry it, stir in the soaked cracker crumbs, and then eat it with a little sugar.—Talk about your modern breakfast food! That was the real thing. The food or rations that the Government furnished were always with a few exceptions of a good quality. The coffee especially was uniformly excellent. The great drawback was want of knowledge and facilities in cooking, and as the months rolled along we became more expert in the art and lived better, especially when in winter quaters. But more of this later on.

We had what was called the Sibley tent. They were cone shaped about twelve feet in diameter, at the apex of which, was a hood, open on one side, that could be shifted according to the wind, which was also, an excellent ventilator; it was held up by a pole in the centre, supported on tripods, by which the tent could be stretched and adjusted, this tripod also admitted of a small cone shaped stove, the smoke escaping through the opening at the top, and by lying with the feet to the centre, would give ample room for sixteen men. Heretofore we had tented by natural selection, choosing which comrades we desired as tent mates.

Now we were arranged in gun squads of sixteen to a gun. The guns were numbered one, two, three, four, five, six, and the men belonging to number one gun were all together in number one tent and so on. Our Captain in a neat little speech, explaining why this was done. There was no dissatisfaction shown.

The men were selected according to their fitness for the position they were to take, in handling the guns and horses; for instance the wheel driver was a larger and



heavier set man, than the lead driver, the horses were similarly arranged, the heaviest horses for the wheel team.

The men on the guns were all numbered, and number one man, had the place of honor, and the hardest work; that of sponging the gun and ramming the charge, this was also the most dangerous; during the war many having lost their arms and lives by premature discharge of the guns. These men were all six footers or nearly so, but in action when this work became tiresome and exhausting, or one was knocked out, the canoneers changed positions, each man, having specific duty to perform in loading and handling the piece.

Our Captain was always cool, and never angry when mistakes were made, never swore at or abused the men, no matter how provoking; and punishment was almost unknown, and confined only to extra duties about the camp or stable that some one had to do, and yet, we had as good order and discipline as any battery in the service.

In this bleak cold camp we received a good lesson about carelessness in putting up tents. I have mentioned that it was an old corn field, the ground was soft, there were no ditches dug around the tents to drain off the water, and the tents were stretched too tight, a heavy cold rain shrunk the canvas which loosened the pegs, a puff of wind did the rest; a wet muddy peg dragging over my face, awoke me, the whole row of tents went the same way.

Here we were left in the dark, with a drenching cold rain. We tried to huddle under the canvas, but there being no trench around the place, water poured over the ground and made lying down impossible; fortunately we had our cook shed to flee to for shelter, where we built our fires, cooked coffee, and had an early breakfast. All were

jolly and laughed over the event; some did linger under the collapsed tents and immersed as if they had fallen into the water.

### THE ARMY MULE

I have often thought that the Army Mule has not received full credit for the excellent service he rendered during the war. To be sure, very often, he had his own ideas as to what he should, and what he should not do, and how it should be done, often quite contrary to the opinion of the driver. And then there came an argument, supported by a stinging, long, effective whip in the hands of the driver. But this was nothing to the stentorian, abusive vocabulary that accompanied each blow of the lash. The mule generally took it all very calmly and bided a chance to open up his end of the argument with his hoofs, and when he felt good and ready he would succumb to the inevitable and do marvelous work. Up hill, with his nose almost to the ground and his back humped and every muscle strained to the work; down a steep grade of a rough mountain road, with his hind feet braced inward, sliding on his haunches. And then again thru mud and mire up to his knees, patiently plodding along. Thru summer heat and winter snow and sleet, it was all the same to him, he kept on the even tenor of his ways.

The poor animal was often abused and maligned just because he was a mule.

As for example: One of our boys we will call him Bill for short, had been a harum-scarum, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow; would swear with the rest of them, when occasion called for more emphasis than the every day language

could express. Well, Billy got religion, stopped all swearing and other bad habits, and was detailed to drive the ambulance, which, when not required for its legitimate purpose, was used by the officers for their personal effects. One day we moved our camp to a more strategic position, and in doing so had to ford a small shallow stream. Everything had been moved and tents erected on the new ground, but Billy had not arrived with the officers' luggage, so one of the officers asked me to accompany him in search of the ambulance. When we arrived at the stream the ambulance, with two fine little mules, were in the middle of it with their heads up toward its source, and Billy, seated on the bank reading his testament. "What in the namesake are you doing there? Why don't you come on to camp, where we are waiting for you," said the officer. Billy arose, saluted the officer and exclaimed, "Lieutenant, them thar mules won't move unless you cuss them. I now have gotten religion, and by this holy book I will not swear again!" The officer, wide eyed and astonished, said to me, "Billy must be cracked." And so he was. The officer said to me, "you get the mules out," which I did without the least difficulty. The astonished Bill said it must be because I prayed for them. Billy went through the war and was perfectly sane, but he would display evidences of insanity when the subject of religion was touched on.

So I say, all honor to the Army Mule. He should have a monument sacred to his memory for services rendered in behalf of our country.

## CHAPTER 1 V

### BRIGADE REVIEW

**W**HILE at this camp we had our first grand Brigade review, and it may be of interest to mention the troops participating. First came the 12th. Illinois, and a batallion of the 1st. Maryland Cavalry, under Major Russell, the 1st., 6th., 7th., and 8th., regiments of Maryland Infantry, and our, or Alexander's Battery, as we were called, altogether about five thousand men, more troops than I had ever seen before at one time. I saw more of them later on. We were lined up and the General with his Staff riding along our front and rear for the purpose of inspection. The general and his Staff took a position, and at first we marched by at a walk, and then again at a trot or double quick. My horse took it into his head, that this was a race, and if such was the case, he was not going to be left, and away he went, in spite of all I could do, until he reached the head of the column, instead of remaining at the rear where he should have been, much to my chagrin. Altogether the review was a success, and our battery was complimented upon it's fine appearance and soldierly bearing.

On Saturday Decemer 20th., we received marching orders. Fresh beef was issued and boiled as rations for a two days march.

We left Williamsport, on Sunday morning. As we approached Sharpsburg we saw more evidence of the great battle that had been faught three months before, houses pierced with bullets, and wrecked with shell, ruins of burnt barns, &c. On the road we stopped at St. Peters church

long enough to attend service and hear an appropriate sermon; arrived at Sharpsburg, at 3.00., P.M., had a good supper in the church yard, where we slept all night among the graves.

On Monday morning our much needed and useful rubber ponchos were issued. At 8.30 A.M., we proceeded on our march again, passed the Antietam battle field, and then over rough, narrow, and sometimes steep mountain roads, and arrived at Maryland Heights at 3.00 P.M., this was to be our first winter quarters. Up to this time, we had not experienced any real winter weather; but we immediately went to work making ourselves comfortable.

#### OUR FIRST WINTER QUARTERS

Here we encamped on a plateau about half way up the mountain proper, known as Unsels Farm, and went into winter quarters. Sheds were built for the horses and the boys made themselves comfortable in various ways. While one gun squad of sixteen men were assigned to each of the picturesque Sibley tents, groups of four or more built log cabins, and made themselves more comfortable, with raised bunks to sleep on, instead of the bare ground. These cabbins would also permit of a stove or hearth for cooking, as well as heating; besides with a smaller group it was more congenial and home-like, than in a tent of sixteen men, where there was always more or less confusion. Neither did the tents admit of improvised seats or tables.

Our little group of five built our cabin on the brow of a hill, we dug down about three feet and leveled a space of about eight by ten feet, the sides were built of logs and the chinks filled in with clay; the roof was laid with saplings covered with the earth which we dug while leveling the space. We made a stove out of a piece of heavy sheet

iron picked up in the ruins of the old arsenal at Harpers Ferry and enjoyed many delicious meals cooked upon it.

Two bunks were made out of saplings, the mattresses were made of grain bags filled with leaves. Three slept in the lower bunk that was wider than the upper one making a convenient seat or lounge. The table made of cracker boxes was hinged to the wall with strips of leather, so that it could be dropped down when not in use. We received magazines and papers regularly, from which I usually read aloud to the others. Checkers, dominoes and cards also helped to pass away the time, and a congenial happy group we were.

The only draw back was an occasional longing for home and dear old Baltimore, which a box of provisons from home, to relieve the monotony of the soldier fare, greatly assuaged. They came quite frequent to one, or the other of us; but a special treat was a barrel of oysters sent us by the father of my chum. Words cannot express how thankfully they were received and enjoyed.

The greatest consolation of all however was the frequent letters. It appears that Uncle Sam must have realized the importance of this, for during the three years we were out, no matter where, or how often we moved or manoeuvred, the letters followed, frequently overtaking us on the march. The Post Office Department deserved great credit for this, as it did much to keep the soldier boys well and contented, almost, if not more so than the doctors.

#### DISHONEST CONTRACTORS

All of our supplies had to be hauled up the mountain from Harpers Ferry, which was no easy task for the mules, nor the teamsters, especially when the roads were slippery

with ice and snow. Our hay came by rail to Harpers Ferry in bales, with the weight marked on the bale sticks.

These bale sticks were of heavy oak, and to add to their weight they were wet, having been soaked in water, which made them weigh well on to 25lbs., but this was the least part of it. Frequently on opening a bale, we would find stones or rocks weighing from 12 to 25 lbs., and often a bushel of chaff and sweepings were found. The horses were to receive 10 lbs. of hay a day, a bale marked 150 lbs. apportioned for 15 horses, the contents were divided into 10 piles, and the poor horses received about 5 or 6 lbs. instead of 10 lbs., they were starved and the Army contractors got rich. This however, was all changed later on. Bale sticks were not to be heavier than a given weight, and the packers' or contractors' name, together with the date of packing, was compelled to be on every bale.

The trees on the side of the mountain from our camp up, had been felled and allowed to remain as they fell in order to form a barrier or obstruction to prevent the enemy from charging up the heights. On the top of this hill there was a fort mounted with heavy guns covering Louden and Bolivar Heights, on the other, or Virginia side of the river. It was from this commanding position that General Miles withdrew during the Antietam campaign when threatened by the Confederates, throwing the heavy guns down the brow of the hill, to take up his position on Bolivar Heights above Harper's Ferry. The Confederates took possession of the abandoned Maryland Heights, and had General Miles at their mercy, and forced him to surrender, with a loss of 11,000 troops, 73 pieces of artillery and 200 wagons.

General Miles, was considered a traitor by many, and in the turmoil and excitement he was killed, but whether he

was killed by the enemy, is still a mooted question. I will here mention that Col. Cole's Maryland Cavalry, did not propose to surrender, and made their escape by way of the tow path of the Chesapeake & Ohio canal.

There were a number of graves on the top of the mountain above our camp, and there not being earth enough to cover the bodies, their feet and hands protruded; not a pleasant sight, but there was only about eight inches of soil on the rocky surface of the mountains, and the burying had to be done in a hurry. These were Confederate soldiers, and said to have been killed in the skirmish with our forces, when they with drew to the Virginia side, to be taken prisoners a few hours later.

#### A THOUGHTLESS VENTURE

There was a curious rock formation high up on the mountain side above our camp, that looked like a moss-grown, stone house. So one day, after my camp duties were finished, I commenced to crawl and scramble over the felled trees; and had gotten up so high that our tents looked like chicken coops; horses, about the size of dogs. I slipped and fell, I was not hurt, but had bruised my shin. This caused me to stop and think of what might have happened. I might have broken my leg and been unable to get back to camp, over this jungle of limbs, branches, and trunks of trees. I might have died within sight of camp and gone on record as a deserter, as no one saw me leave camp; so I very cautiously wended my way back to camp; and a few days later, made up an exploring party, and on our way found the remain, or rather the bones of a man scatterd about as though some wild beast had made a feast of him. I thought, this might have been my fate. The house, as we supposed it was, proved to be a large moss-grown boulder projecting at one



end, which made it look like some deserted dwelling from below.

#### FLAG PRESENTATION

An interesting event occurred here, to relieve the monotony of the camp life. On the 28th of February, 1863, Senator Low of California presented a flag to the First Maryland Regiment, from friends of the regiment, residing in California. He was accompanied by Archibald Sterling, Mr. Wilmot, and members of the Baltimore City Council. Patriotic and glowing speeches were made, and many good things were said to cheer up the soldiers. This flag had a golden star in the center of the blue field; it was carried all through the war and was riddled with many bullet holes. It was then cut up and divided among the surviving members as souvenirs; but the blue field with its golden star and the staff were kept in tact, and are now in the State House at Annapolis.

By five o'clock all the duties of the day were over, the last being bedding the horses, and giving them their ten pound ration of hay, before darkness set in. Then there were a few idle hours until eight o'clock roll call, and then one hour until nine o'clock taps, when all lights were supposed to be extinguished, but while in winter quarters, this rule was not so strictly enforced.

The solemn, soothing notes of the bugle when sounding taps, especially on a quiet, cold winter evening, when the earth was covered with snow, from the various camps among the hills a mile or two apart, was beautifully impressive. It often seemed to me like Angel music from the skies, singing sweet lullabies to the thousands of weary soldiers dreaming of home, and friends.

Being divided into smaller groups, admitted cooking of various dishes, that could not, with the limited means at hand be done for a group of sixteen men.

Our rations were ample and of uniformly good quality, but ignorance in the art of preparing them caused much dissatisfaction and many derangements of the system. For instance, the frying pan, which has been called the bane of the American people, was brought into use; when fresh beef was used, and whether it was from the shin or rump, it was all whittled from the bone and fried, leaving many a delicious and nutritious morsel go to waste.

Fried onions made them sick and were tabooed, this just suited me; I gathered the bones with many a good scrap of meat adhering, and boiled them until all the meat was off of them, which made a rich stock or broth that would jelly when cold; the marrow and fat from the cracked shin and other bones, that would be on top of the broth was used for other purposes, but more especially, when properly salted, made an excellent substitute for butter, which was not among the rations issued.

Oleomargarine was not manufactured at that time, so we called it soldier butter. With an addition of potatoes and onions we had a fine stew; and when we received our share of ten days supply of beans, they were soaked over night and cooked until quite dry and soft, and then when we wanted bean soup, we had our stock seasoned with salt pork and a few onions, mixing this with the cooked beans and thinned with water to suit, we would have an excellent soup in a few minutes. Tripe we could get at the Government slaughter house for the asking, and a whole liver could be gotten from the same source for twenty-five cents.

It took a little time and trouble to prepare the tripe, but it was worth it. At one time the commissary threw

out a barrel of onions because they were frozen, and some few were decayed on the outside, I gathered them in, thawed them, by putting them in cold water, those that were slightly decayed were cleaned and cooked at once, the balance after being dried and sorted were stored under the bunk, and we had an abundance all winter, while the rest had none; as the commissary would not draw any more for fear they would freeze.

We sold some of our salt pork and bought flour, with which we made pancakes and short cakes, and these with sugar made a delightful change; and we five lived better than the rest of the boys, because we knew how to utilise the material at hand, that others threw away as useless.

## CHAPTER VI

### HOW THE INNOCENTS ABROAD GOT THEIR WHISKEY

FROM our winter camp at Maryland Heights, we made frequent visits to Sandy Hook, on the B. & O. R. R., a railroad and canal station with boarding houses and etc. An eating house where one could get Baltimore oysters raw, stewed or fried, and also whiskey, (clandestinely) for it was forbidden to sell it to soldiers, and it is well that it was forbidden, as its only redeeming feature as to quality, was the fact, that it was well watered; and as it was liable to confiscation; only a small quantity, a quart or so was kept in a stone crock on the shelf, beside another crock just like it containing pickles, and was dipped out with a small tin dipper. At one of the boarding houses one could get a pretty fair meal for fifty cents; as many railroad men took their meals there, the landlady had little trouble in getting her provisions from Baltimore, at a reasonable rate.

One day we received some apples, and other goodies, including some German cinnamon cake from home, we thought it would be a good thing to have some apple toddie. To have this, we must have whiskey. How to get it? was the quandary. We went to Sandy Hook, but met with negative answers to all our inquiries, our youthful appearance must have been against us. We started back up the hill rather disappointed, when we met one of our older members. He must have been thirty or thirty five years old, in comparison to the rest of us, ranging from sixteen to twenty-two, he was old.

We told of our failure and disappointment, which made him laugh at our freshness. "Come with me, I will

get some for you", so back we went. The first place we stopped was a temporary shed under the ledge of the mountain, kept by a Scotchman. Our comrade walked boldly up and said, "Sandy, give us three glasses of ale" he must have given him the wink, that the knowing ones give to the clerk at the soda fountain of a drug store.

The Scotchman replied, "Would you not be liking something a little stronger, on a cold day like this especially as it is snowing?" "Sure," said our guide who took whiskey, we took the ale, but had our canteen filled with whiskey.

The old rascal, an half hour before he had informed us with a doleful face, that whiskey could not be had, and considering our youthful appearance, he was right in refusing it.

From here we went to the other place just mentioned, where there was no trouble at all, when we came with an old and knowing patron.

#### A COUNTRY DANCE

It was now beginning to get dark, and we decided to have a good supper at the boarding house. There we found a few more of our battery, some cavalry men with boots, spurs and sabers. During supper it was announced that there was to be a dance, and that some ladies from Baltimore and the immediate neighborhood would be there, and the cost was to be ten cents a head, just enough to pay the fiddler and buy candles; all who had no money, were admitted free. The dwelling was of stone, like a number of others stretched along the railroad between the canal and the mountain, and I believe it is still standing. The dining room was about twenty by thirty feet, and was quite roomy. The long table was removed and the floor sanded.

At one end there was a table, on which stood a chair, occupied by the orchestra, consisting of one man, a countryman with a fiddle and an accordion which he played alternately. Two barrel hoops with army candles fastened to them by bits of wire formed the chandeliers. Of all balls and dances I ever attended, before or since, this was the most enjoyable. The Cavalry with boots and spurs, and jackets trimmed with yellow braid. The artillery with jackets trimmed with red. The Infantry in blouses of blue.

There were not enough of the gentler sex, to make up the couples for the cotillion and Virginia reel, so some of the men were selected to fill up the sets, and these were designated by a handkerchief tied around the arm, and the way they flirted and coquetted with the men, was just terrible, and the laughter and fun they produced was well worth the penalty we had to pay the next day, for not being present at the 8.00 P.M. roll call, which we had entirely overlooked in our festivities. Before we knew it, it was past midnight, and with about six inches of snow on the ground, we wended our way up the hill towards camp with evil forebodings as to how we would be able to pass the picket guard, that we knew we would encounter on the way.

While trudging along pondering over the matter, we were suddenly brought to stand still by a challenge of the guard, "Halt Who comes there?". Our old comrade equal to the occasion, answered, "Friends with the countersign," at the same time advancing with the canteen at arms length, said, "We belong to Alexanders Battery, and this is the countersign," which the guard eagerly cluched, taking a generous pull at the canteen and passing it back with the remark "The countersign is correct, pass on."

This guard happened to be an old acquaintance, whom I knew from boyhood, and belonged to the first Maryland

Infantry. Years after the war, when I met him at a Grand Army encampment, we had a good laugh at that peculiar countersign, and the recollection of the opportune drink at midnight in a snow storm on the mountain side, awakened a new thirst, and we had another; but he said, "it was not as tasty, and did not have the relish as the one, he had accepted as the countersign, many years ago." The punishment alluded to, for missing roll call was very lenient, compared with other commands; it consisted of two hours work cleaning up the camp and stable; sometimes it was extra horses to curry.

The apple toddie was not made for the obvious reason that the canteen, after having been passed around to those who had been at the dance, was empty.

I had my forbodings as to the danger of such a gathering; as the Potomac could be forded at this point, and although there was a guard stationed at the ford, conditions were likely to arise, where the guard could be overcome by the independent Confederate Cavalry commands, who were on the alert, scouting through Loudon county opposite Sandy Hook; often encountering our Cole's Md. Cavalry. During the war they made frequent successful raids; at one time capturing a whole passenger train which was destroyed. Capturing a number of Union soldiers, leaving the citizens go however.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE B & O R R

THE B. & O. R. R. played an important part in the civil war, being the main, short route to the West, over which thousands of troops were moved both ways, to say nothing of forage, commissary stores, &c. At one time, when it was necessary to move a large body of troops to the west at short notice, President Lincoln called the President of the road, Mr. Garret, to Washington for consultation, impressing him with the importance and necessity of getting these troops to Chatanooga, to save our army there. Mr. Garret said, "That if he was not hampered by conflicting orders or interference by the commanding Generals, he would do it over his and other lines." He was given authority over all opposing Generals or Commanders, authority over all roads, and for the time being his orders were supreme. He succeeded in accomplishing what Lincoln's Military advisers said could not be done. This road was so important that it took a large number of troops to guard and protect it; in spite of this, the traffic was frequently interrupted.

The winter of 1862—63 was exceptionally severe, but we were comfortably quartered, with no special duties to perform, excepting guarding our own camps, attending horses, and drilling when the weather would permit.

We also frequently had target practice, which was rather expensive, as every shot we fired cost \$10., but later on our Captain proved that the money was not wasted, by the number of hits we made in actual battle. As a late great Navel hero said, "It's the shots that hit, that count."



Spring was now coming on, though the month of March was exceedingly disagreeable, and Sunday morning, April 5th, we were greeted with ten inches of snow, as a last full measure of the winter's effort.

Three days after, on April 8th, we broke camp, bidding farewell to our cozy shack that had housed us so well during the Winter. We marched down the mountain, crossed the pontoon bridge over the Potomac into Virginia, and took up our position on Bolivar Heights above Harper's Ferry. There was a vacant and much dilapidated house just across the road from camp, that the Captain permitted our little group of five to occupy.

We found some boards to repair the floor, built bunks and made ourselves quite comfortable.

The bridges over the Potomac, the wagon, as well as the Railroad bridge had been destroyed during the Antietam campaign. The Railroad bridge had been substantially rebuilt. The other was a temporary military bridge of flat bottom boats anchored up stream, fastened together with timber and boarded over. This pontoon, as such bridges are called, remained there until after the war.

In marching across this bridge, I noticed a gun at the bottom of the river, which proved to be a breech loading carbine. I could not get it then, but after we were fixed in our new camp, I received permission to get it which I did, and found it had not been injured much by lying in the water all Winter.

I cleaned it up and sent it home as a war relic, and also that it might be used in case of emergency, little dreaming that the day was coming, when Baltimore would be threatened by Rebel invasion as it was, a little over a year later, when many old muskets were brought out for defence, but fortunately not used.

It now began to look as if hostilities were to be resumed, other troops were arriving, part of the ninth Army Corps under General Burnside, came by the B. & O. R. R., and with them a regiment of Scotch Highlanders. They looked very picturesque in their gay uniforms, and bag pipes. Everything was being put in shape for an aggressive campaign. Horses were inspected, and the unfit condemned.

I was detailed to lead six of these to the Quarter Master's Department at Harper's Ferry to be exchanged for more fit ones. Here for some reason there was a long delay. I was told to tie them to a porch post of a vacant house, and as it was raining I took refuge on the porch. I had not been there long when a feeling of danger came over me and I got off. Just then a train of cars came by and the engineer blew the whistle, that frightened the the horses, who pulled out the porch, post, and down came the whole porch roof and all, and I had made a narrow escape.

This was the second of many narrow escapes that followed thereafter. I extricated my frightened bunch of horses, who were but slightly injured, and stood in the rain, until a man from the Quarter Master's Department relieved me of them.

Our vacant house being restored and made habitable for these wet April days, we concluded to have a house warming; all partitions having been torn out on the lower floor, made it a large room. We bunked upstairs, reached by an improvised ladder.

Notice was passed around that there was to be an old fashioned house warming and dance that evening from six to nine P. M. The music was furnished by Gabriel, the Captains colored cook, valet, and servant in general. He

usually wore a scarlet skull cap with a blue tassel, his face was as black as could be, and when he wore a white shirt he resembled a woodpecker, a name which hung to him for some time. The most important to us, however, was that he could play on the fiddle and call out the numbers for a cotillion, or a Virginia Reel.

The dance was quite a success, and was greatly enjoyed by all, especially by Gabriel; as some one had suggested, that he who dances must pay the fiddler, a cap was passed around, and Gabe was made rich by almost a whole dollar. We had not seen a paymaster for over three months, or it would have been more.

That night, after the dance was over, the Captain informed us that we had received marching orders, and would start the next morning for Winchester, Va. It was ten o'clock the next morning, April 20th, when we started on our march; passing through Hall Town and Charles Town and after an uneventful march reached Berryville, where we slept on the benches and aisles of a church.

We had provided ourselves with two days rations, but our group of five made arrangements to get breakfast at a private house at a nominal cost. We were surprised, however, at the rebel sentiments so freely expressed by the woman, a mother and two daughters.

There were no men to be seen, in fact, very few capable of military service, were seen anywhere on our marches through Virginia; they were either in the army or had fled to avoid conscription.

We took up our march escorted by the first New York or Lincoln Cavalry. We were brought to a halt on the road, while a detail of the Cavalry charged a log cabin a short distance from the road; there was no shooting, but

they brought out two men as prisoners, and found in the house a half dozen muskets, and a Confederate uniform. The prisoners were said to be Guerillas or Bush Whackers, who would hide during the day, and kill a Union picket if the chances offered at night. They were taken with us to Winchester, where we arrived early in the afternoon.

We bivouacked in the streets that night but some of us who were not on guard slept in a vacant house, of which there were many. I slept in an attic in one of these. The horses were kept harnessed to the guns. Many of the boys had to stay in the street by the guns and horses, while the cold April rain kept pelting down all night.

The sun came out bright in the morning, when we moved to an elevated position on the outskirts of the town, where we had an opportunity to dry our heavy wet clothes, especially the overcoats. The great drawback to this camp was the distance to the nearest water, half a mile away. Fortunately for us, this was a rocky ridge with limestone cropping out at many places, so that there was no mud to contend with, like the Infantry regiments encamped in the low level fields near by, as it rained incessantly for nearly a week.

It was not long, however, when we again received marching orders and retraced our steps to Berryville, where we had stopped for a night, two weeks before. The well preserved macadam road of ten miles, between Berryville and Winchester, went through a woody country, which at various places afforded shelter and hiding places for Guerillas, as we called them. Small squads of Colonel Mosby's Confederate scouts were always ready, and took advantage of poorly guarded teamsters, or any individual or small number of unprotected Union soldiers; hence we

were escorted by a strong guard of the first New York Cavalry, whose headquarters and camp was at Berryville. We became neighbors and made many acquaintances.

They were veterans of two years, and had seen hard service on the Peninsula, Antietam, and other battle fields; whilst we as yet, had seen no real service, and had served but eight months.

It will not be out of place here to tell more about this regiment.

It was the first volunteer Cavalry regiment that entered the Union service and was called the Lincoln Cavalry. One half of them were Irish Americans many of whom had seen service in the British Army, and had served in the Crimean War; many of the officers had held commissions in the British Army. The other half of the regiment were German Americans under German officers. This half were first drilled and commanded in the German language, each Battalion striving to outdo the other in drill and efficiency.

Prizes were given for the best kept and fastest horses. They had frequent horse races in which all the fancy riding of the English turf were included not the least of which were cross country and hurdle races, all of which tended to make it one of, if not the best Cavalry regiment in the service.

I well remember one balmy June evening when I attended the festivities and distributing of money prizes to the winning horsemen, in a magnificent grove of trees adjoining their camp; a platform had been erected and decorated with regimental and battalion flags and illuminated with pine torches.

The speaker, an English officer, gave an instructive lecture on the care of horses, and alluded to the fact, that

the horse who had won the first prize that day, was one that had been rejected by all of them.

When these horses had been received, after the officers had selected theirs, the men drew lots, by having numbers written on stripes of paper; these were put in a bag, and each man in turn drew a number. Number one had the first choice, number two the second, and so on. The remaining horse fell to the farrier of that battalion. He had not taken part in the drawing, and a sorry looking beast it was. Though he looked bad, the farrier saw some good in him, he was thin and long legged and coat of hair was rough and shagged. The farrier saw that he had good eyes that stood far apart, which gave him a broad forehead, also a broad chest. In fact, he proved to be an ill treated and undeveloped colt, and his owner by proper care and feeding soon brought out the good points. He loved the horse and the horse loved him, so much so that he would do anything his master could make him understand he wanted done, and on this day he wanted him to win the race, and he did.

On such festive occasions, the speaker remarked, it was customary and proper that they drink to the health and good luck of the winner, and as "it was impossible to procure enough whiskey for the whole regiment, he would do as the Priest had done and drink for all of them", and proceeded to help himself to a liberal drink out of a black bottle and dispose of it with many flourishes. The officers finished the bottle, after giving the farrier a taste, he being the only private so honored. There were many cheers and much good humor after this.

Other officers took the platform, one of them giving a good, wholesome speech in German. With such good feeling

between officers and men, there is no wonder that it was such a good regiment.

#### THE CAMP AT BERRYVILLE

We halted at the edge of the town by the side of an abandoned church, in fact, we camped in the church yard, part of which was used as a burying ground. The rear of the church, probably used as a Sunday School, we utilized as a store room for supplies of all kinds. A marble slab over an ancient tomb made an excellent table for our gun squad. Many of the boys slept between the mounds of the graves the first night, before the tents were located and erected. Adjoining our camp in a magnificent grove of walnut and oak trees was the camp of the first New York or Lincoln Cavalry. Near by were encamped five or six infantry regiments, including the Sixth Maryland, one regiment from Maine and one from Pennsylvania, forming a brigade under the command of General McReynold, of the Regular Army. This was a delightful camp and the balmy air of Spring put all the boys in a joyful mood.

Nearby, in the midst of a meadow, was a marvelous spring, gushing forth a stream of ice cold water, strong enough to drive a mill; it was too cold for bathing, so if we wanted a wash we had to heat it. Some of the boys laid out gardens with gravel walks before their tents. A short distance beyond the other end of the town from where we were encamped our boys had their first experience with shovel and pick, throwing up earth works on either side of the road, with places for cannon, and rifle pits for the Infantry.

Our Cavalry was kept busy scouting around the country, especially toward the south and across Shenandoah River into Loudon County, having frequent encounters

with the Confederate Cavalry Scouts, who were doing the same for the Southern Army that our Cavalry were doing for us. The Cavalry were the eyes and ears of the Army, and upon them we depended for protection from surprise.

A squad of our Cavalry surprised a Confederate Officer and gave him chase, wounding his horse, and as it was near the river, he left his horse with saddle and overcoat, plunged into the river and escaped, and though half dozen kept shooting at him, none could hit him. On the opposite bank were a number of his friends, so our Cavalry did not deem it advisable to continue the chase

I bought the saddle from one of them. It was a beauty, silver mounted and embossed leather; in the saddle was a photograph and a letter, which I intended to return to the owner at some future day. This letter revealed that he was captain of some Virginia Regiment, by the name of Meades. He also must have been wounded, as there was blood on the seat of the saddle. It may have been returned to the owner later, for not many days after it fell into the hands of the enemy, with myself a prisoner.

The road from Berryville to Winchester was dangerous, for one did not know at what moment he might be covered with a revolver and asked to surrender. I was sent with a companion to carry a message to Winchester, the day after one of our men had been attacked on the road; we were approaching the part where an enemy might lurk, my companion expressed uneasiness; I did not feel quite assured myself, but said, "Why be afraid? They have as much reason to fear us (well armed as we are) as we have to fear them." But I thought it best if one of us would ride about twenty rods ahead of the other, keeping a sharp lookout with revolvers cocked ready for action, then if one should be attacked, the other could assist, or make his es-



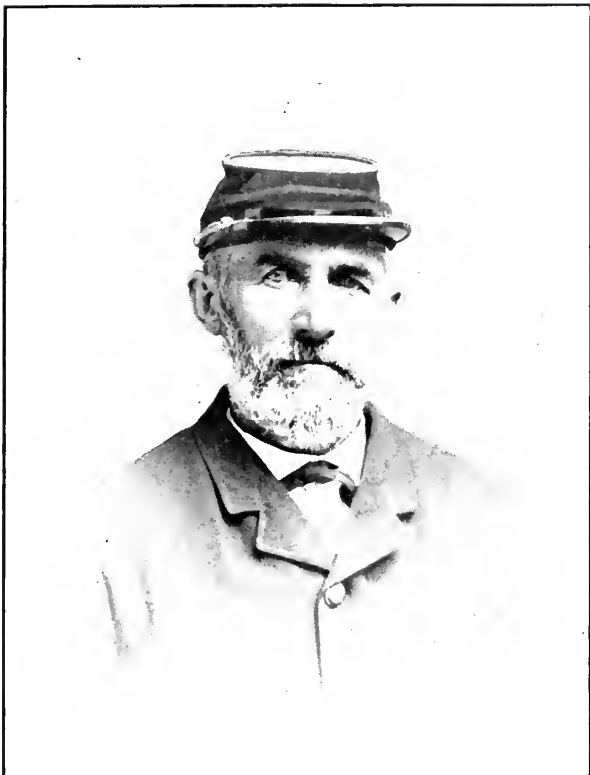
cape, as circumstances might suggest, sure enough, we saw two men in Confederate uniforms ahead of us and we halted, not knowing whether to turn and run or not, when one of them called back, "Come on, B. L. A., its all right." (B. L. A. means Baltimore Light Artillery.) The New Yorkers always hailed us as B. L. A. boys, so I knew they were of our Cavalry. They were disguised as Confederates, in order to find out, from residents of the neighborhood, about the affair of the day before. We returned late in the afternoon as a part of an escort of a wagon train, and did not feel so uneasy as we did in the morning.

On May 14th 1863, our Cavalry had a lively skirmish with a strong squad of Confederates, losing several men, but brought back five prisoners. On the 16th a picket of the Sixth Maryland Regiment was shot in the leg, not very far from camp, by Guerrillas, that is, civilians who were not in the army, but imagined they were helping the cause by clandestinely murdering Union soldiers whenever the opportunity offered. A farmer's son was arrested for this attempted murder, and sent to Washington. Fifty of the second Maryland Cavalry were surprised and captured the day before at Charles Town. Two companies of the First New York were sent in pursuit, had a skirmish, and recaptured them. A wagon team of the 67th Pennsylvania was attacked on the road to Winchester. They made their escape, however, losing two horses and one man wounded.

On June 7th the wagons of the 67th Pennsylvania and the 6th Maryland were again attacked by bush-whackers, at least they were not in uniform. Three or four of them were killed, but they succeeded in getting away with the horses. Our Cavalry scouts came in contact with different commands than those they had previously encountered.

This was the advance and preliminary occupation of

important points by the enemy, previous of their great invasion of Pennsylvania, which culminated in the battle of Gettysburg.



FREDERICK MILLER

One of the older men and tent mate of the author



## CHAPTER VIII

### OPENING OF THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN

**I**T commenced, when on Friday evening, June 12th, 1863, an Orderly carrying a message for our Captain was swept from his horse by a wire stretched to dry clothes on. He appeared to be unconscious for a moment, then drew out a message from under his belt, with orders for our battery to be ready to move at once. We packed our knapsacks but left the tents standing. The horses were kept harnessed, and fed from nose bags and water carried to them instead of leading them to the stream as usual.

On Saturday morning, June 13th, we cooked our breakfast as usual and had our pots on the fire with beans half cooked, when two guns were taken to the breastworks that we had erected. Soon their booming was heard.

Jenkins' Confederate Cavalry had intended to surprise and overwhelm us; not knowing about our defensive works, or how far they extended; they hesitated and fell back under the impact of shot and shell from our two guns. This was really the opening of the Gettysburg campaign.

Ours were the first troops the Confederated encountered on their way, so we claimed the honor of having fired the first cannon. While this shooting was going on, we dumped the bean soup into the fire, got a few of our tents into a wagon, set fire to the rest and moved on by way of the Martinsburg pike in a round-a-bout way to Winchester, to join the main body of troops under General Milroy.

There were four or five regiments of infantry, including the Sixth Maryland and the 67th Pennsylvania.

There were many incidents that happened on this march. Early in the morning a four-seated vehicle passed our camp on the way to Harper's Ferry containing two ladies, (officers' wives on a visit), and a gentleman.

An hour or so later, this team, without an occupant, came dashing through our camp, just as we were moving off, hurling the conveyance right and left among the trees, demolishing it completely. We had no time to bother about it, as we were in a hurry to get away. Who were the ladies? what became of them? I should like to know.

We passed the camp of the 67th Pennsylvania regiment, where the sutler had taken down his tents and had no time to pack all his goods, so there were barrels of ginger cakes, boxes of lemons, jars of pickels, suspenders, shoe blacking, toilet soap, and many other articles. We had time to loot it as we passed by, and the ginger cakes and lemons came in very good later on.

It was fun. No, I will not say fun, it was pathetic to see some of the Infantry divesting themselves of superfluous luggage. One regiment in particular, hailing from the State of Maine, had provided themselves with an outfit to withstand a most rigorous winter. Two or three extra heavy blankets for instance, heavy boots, half dozen heavy woolen shirts, etc. The 13th of June was an exceedingly hot day, foreboding a thunder storm, which came on before the days march was over. It was their first experience of a march on a Southern summer day.

An army on a leisure march generally make a halt of fifteen minutes every hour, but this was no leisure march, it was a forced march of twenty miles or more. Winchester was ten miles by the regular pike, but the Confederates held that, so we had to go around about way to get there.

It was a physical impossibility, and beyond human endurance to make the march continous, so numerous halts were made, and then one would see a fellow with a good pair of boots in his hand, looking at his feet and not knowing which pair to discard. Another unslinging his knapsack and taking out a blanket to lighten his burden, wash basins, shoe brushes, razor strops, and many other articles that the older soldiers had lerned to dispense with, to be gathered up by the Confederates who were following in our wake. I picked up about twenty blankets that I piled on the battery wagon, only to fall into the hands of the enemy, together with the wagon, later on. This one regiment had enough superflous baggage to supply four or five Confederate regiments, who had learned to get along with very little indeed.

Jenkins' Confederate Cavalry were continually harassing our rear, however, like a pack of hungry wolves, kept at bay by the New York Cavalry. Our battery was divided in three sections along the line, that is, sandwiched between the Infantry regiments, and we had a choice of three ways of marching, viz; riding on horseback, sitting on ammunition chests, or walking; but the poor Infantry had a hard time of it.

#### MY FIRST SMELL OF POWDER

Trailing along with us was a middle aged mulatto woman, loaded down with clothing, bedding, etc., leading a little girl about four years old; she said her husband was a slave and had gone North some months before, and she thought she would follow the Union soldiers and meet him. During the middle of the afternoon the child became tired out, and she tried to carry it in addition to her already too heavy burden. I was moved to pity by the sight, and vol-

unteered to put the child in front of me on my horse.

I was well mounted on a good horse and he could stand it, so the mother consented. The boys teased and joked about it, but I felt I was doing a humane act and did not mind it. The poor thing soon fell asleep. I have often thought I would like to have a picture of myself with a little sleeping negro baby on my lap. I can at this late day, sitting in a warm, comfortable home smoking my pipe, close my eyes and see it, as well as many more such pictures of the past, like a dream.

We were thus moving along slowly, when we came to a small stream, (Opecquan Creek), (made famous a year later by a sanguinary battle by General Sheridan with the Confederate General Early. Here many foot-sore soldiers were refreshing themselves, many bathing their feet, others their heads; up-stream they were refilling their canteens. It was a general refreshment for man and beast. In this situation the Confederates pounced upon us, emptying their carbines and revolvers from the banks above. "Here, Auntie, take your baby!" I shouted amidst the tumult to the mother. "Oh Lawdy God, what is gwine to become of me now," she pleaded as she reached for the child. "Kill the nigger-stealer!" I heard from the banks above, as some bullets whistled dangerously near my head I thought; when the Captain ordered me to go forward and tell the Lieutenant in command of the two guns ahead to get in position on the right of the road. This I did most willingly, for I was in an exceedingly dangerous place just then, but I took a shot at the fellow, whom I thought was trying to kill me. I did not stop, however, to see whether I had hit him or not, but dashed ahead to deliver my message; the officer, however, had anticipated the com-



mand, and the cannon was being pulled up the steep bank on the side of the road, that up to that time, I would not have attempted on horseback, much less pull a heavy cannon; a fence on top disappeared in a few seconds, and the cannon, in position, belched forth grape or canister at them at close range, now being on a level with the enemy, who were soon dispersed. In the meantime the fight was going on at a lively rate at the place I had just left, I thought there must have been at least a hundred killed, as it was, but one of our boys was wounded in the knee cap, and lamed for life, and only a few of the others were killed. Either in endeavoring to turn the cannon in a narrow road, or the horses being frightened, the tongue of the limber chest was broken and abandoned. They were bold, these Johnnies, as we called them. One of them, having his horse killed, came down the embankment, confronted our Captain, and demanded his surrender, and was instantly killed by a ball in his forehead from the Captain's pistol:

His brother, slightly wounded in the head, came to his rescue and was taken prisoner, together with half a dozen others, who were too bold in coming down into the road. I helped escort these prisoners for a part of the way, when they were turned over to a special guard detailed for this purpose. I can always feel for the poor boy who kissed his brother good-bye as he left him lying on the road-side and him in the hands of the enemy.

I would also like to know what became of the negro woman and her child, who was then about four or five years old. This happened forty-seven years ago, and this child, is still alive, would be over fifty years of age. Does she ever think of the Union soldier boy, who took her foot-

sore and weary little body, before him on the saddle?

The Confederates had eluded our rear guard, knowing that the road made a sharp turn near the stream, and under cover of a woods cut diagonally across to the road, just beyond where it made the turn, hitting our lines near the rear, where there were only a few hundred men, stretched along the road, many of them straggling still further to the rear, and two cannon which could not be used against them on account of the narrow sunken road. The attack was well planned, and I have no doubt that they captured quite a number of prisoners, though I have never heard. The cannon that was pulled up the embankment on the right of the road, happened to be placed in a patch of spring onions in the rear of a small cabin. I gathered a good size bunch of them, and it was lucky I did, for it was all I had to eat with hard tack and luke-warm water from my canteen, when we finally made a halt. The ginger cakes I ate for my dinner while marching along the road. The line of march was continued after this interruption of about an hour.

It was after sundown when the threatened thunder storm which had made the march so hot and sultry, broke loose. The rain came down in torrents and impenetrable darkness surrounded us; only by the repeated flashes of lightning, was it revealed that we were approaching Winchester; long trains of wagons stretching along and frequently blocking the road; I thought of the hymn "Lead Kindly Light" only it was lightning that lead us, and showed an opening here and there through which to push.

In this tangle and darkness the cannon I was with, was cut off from the rest of the battery, and we were without an officer; lost as it were, in the maze of teams, horses

and mules and infantry soldiers, midst rain, thunder and lightning.

When a strange mounted officer asked to what battery we belonged? Being informed, that it was a part of Alexanders Battery, said "Follow me". A comrade who was older and more experienced than the rest of us, asked this officer, "Who he was?" he replied, that he was Major Starr, of General Milroys' staff, the comrade replied "But you might be some d--d rebel, and lead us into your lines". Then he said to me, you cover him with your revolver on his right, and I will his left, and if he takes us wrong, we will blow his brains out. "Oh it will be all right" the officer said, leading us a short distance when he said "Do you see that light moving up and down, that is the signal-light to show the way to your battery. Just march up to it." Our comrade was not satisfied and said "No you go with us." Just then one of our officers took us in charge, and the Major, who proved to be all right, was relieved; and I suppose he felt quite relieved to get out from between those revolvers.

We marched up an elevation into a small fort, mentioned frequently in Civil war histories as the Star Fort.

It was now midnight, and after attending to my horses, I laid down along the side of the parapet, covered with my rubber blanket, and my saddle for a pillow was soon sound asleep

While I was thus peacefully slumbering; a council of war was being held at Head quarters. General Milroy, had become aware of the fact, that his little army was overwhelmingly surrounded, or soon would be, by the Southern Army, and had communicated the fact to Washington several days before, giving it as his opinion that the

whole Southern Army was advancing down the valley and that it would be advisable to withdraw his army to Martinsburg. General Halleck did not coincide with our General Milroy, and suggested that it may only be a ruse of the Confederates, in order to draw the Union Army away from the Rapahannock river; a position, where it not only protected Washington, but also threatened Richmond, and advised General Milroy to hold his position and await developments. General Milroy up to this time had received no farther instructions or orders, and things were becoming serious. It was not yet too late to undertake the march to Martinsburg. He had withdrawn the Brigade with which we were connected, under General McReynolds, from its exposed position at Berryville. At Washington, they feared that the withdrawel of our army would give the Confederates an opportunity to dash in between it and Washington and capture it before our Army could turn back for its defence. And when our Army did move; it was with the positive instruction; always to keep between the Confederate Army and Washington. Hence the slow and cautious advance of our Army towards Gettysburg.

So our part of the Army under General Milroy, was left to its fate. Our General McReynolds who was an old and experienced regular Army officer, argued that it was a physical impossibility for his part of the army, that had just arrived from a tiresome and strenuous march of over twenty miles, to take up the march again that night. So it was decided to stay, and fight it out where we were and hope for help from General Hooker and his Army of the Potomac.

## CHAPTER I X

### THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER

**A**LL night there had been desultory booming of cannon in the distance. The day dawned clear and bright, when one section of our battery, under Lieutenant, Peter Leary Jr. was ordered to report to Brigadier General Washington L. Elliot, on the outskirts of Winchester, where they at once got into action.

All day this was kept up with increasing vigor, merely skirmishing however, until the Confederates concentrated their forces, and were good and ready for a terrific onslaught.

(Six o'clock on this beautiful Sunday afternoon, and no word, or help from General Hooker.)

When all at once, the cannons of the enemy roared and thundered, and were replied to by ours.

From the elevated position of our fort, we saw our two cannons dashing down the pike at a gallop, and the shells bursting over them as they hurried into the protecting shelter of our fort; and to our surprise; none of our boys had been killed or wounded, though the mentioned many others that were.

It may be of interest to state here, that, the first Confederate battery to go into position and engage our battery, was the Baltimore Light Artillery; composed mainly of Maryland soldiers in the Confederate service, and one of whom had a brother in our Battery.

In the beginning the enemys' fire was concentrated on the batteries out in the field, one at a time, and one at

a time they were disabled, the enemy having about five guns to our one.

In the mean time our little battery was doing good work, and the target practice we had had, showed to good advantage; one shot struck a caisson, (which consists of three chests of ammunition) and it blew up with a terrific crash, and looked just like pictures one sees in books. And then the shouting and the hurrahing all along our line, and the cheering encouraged our boys to renewed vigor. Our little Lieutenant Peter Leary Jr, whom the boys did not think much of, up to that time; stripped off his coat, and took a hand in loading and firing a cannon in his shirt sleeves; cheering and hurrahing at every successful shot; and there were many such, and our battery proved itself a good one.

In the early part of the fight the enemy seemed to ignore the Star fort occupied by our battery, and as mentioned before, concentrated their fire on other parts of the field, whilst we were peppering them good.

One of our shots struck one of their guns, and it was seen to fall over.

A caisson had just come out from under some trees, and in act of making a turn, when a shell bursting over the horses, caused them to stampede down the hill towards us and disappeared in a ravine.

I wanted to get a better view of the field, and mounted the parapet with another comrade for that purpose, when whiz! whiz! whiz! whistling bullets came dreadfully close. We did not have to be told to get down from there, but did so at once, as the bullets were emphatic enough.

I had done one of the most foolish things of which a soldier could be guilty; I did not know that sharp shoot-

ers were stationed in favorable positions in every battle to pick off officers, and fools like myself; "Fools will venture, where wise men fear to tread". And up to this day I think that, that was the nearest to death's door that I had ever been.

All of our guns in the open field having been silenced the enemy directed their attention to us, and then commenced a most terrific cannonade, there was not an instant when there were not five or six shells bursting over our heads or crashing against the opposite side of the parapet, or burrowing in the earthworks at our front..

One of our boys had his leg shot off. He was taken prisoner and died the next day. Another was wounded in the side. A beautiful black wheel horse had a piece torn out of his throat as wide as your hand and bleeding terribly, every time he exhaled, a spurt of blood came out with the air.

He appeared to know that he was going to die; I put my hand over the wound expecting to ease him but this turned the blood into his lungs and he had to cough up the clotted blood; the sweat was pouring from his shiny black body. He was trembling as if cold, his moments were few, and as our fort was too small to be encumbered with dead horses, the wounded ones were led out into the open where the leaden hail soon finished them.

It was now getting dark. Our guns assisted by some heavy siege guns of the larger fort at our left, (where Milroy had his headquarters from which he commanded the battle) kept up the racket.

All at once the enemies cannonading ceased. The sixth Maryland regiment that had been lying in the rifle pits, in front of us, came in and took position along side of our guns.

The Confederates were going to charge on our fort; and as they were coming up, we fired grape and cannister into them as fast as the guns could be loaded, and with the thousands of muskets blazing away and the shells flying through the air, were followed by a streak of fire like a sky-rocket, and the flash of the shells from the heavy guns as they burst over the enemy, made a display of pyrotechnics, that was, awfully! terribly, grand!

They were driven back. The charge was unsuccessful. From accounts gleaned after the war, we learned that it was the Confederate General Nichol's Brigade the famous Louisiana Tigers that we had repulsed with a loss of over 400 in killed and wounded. We lost but one man killed, and one wounded, in our fort.

So we disabled more of them than they did of us. General Nichols was centured for this daring act; as they had the best of us anyhow, and need not have lost a man.

During the lull I was ordered to take charge of the magazine, and stow away the various kinds of ammunition as it was handed to me, in such a way that I could hand it out in the dark if need be, as a light of any kind would have been extremely unsafe.

It was dangerous to leave the ammunition in the caissons out in the open where a shot from the enemy might explode it, as we had done one of the enemy's chests but a short time before.

Later on we could see the lanterns of searching parties between the two lines, gathering up the wounded and dead.

One curious thing I noticed during the cannonade, was a fragment of a shell (I thought that it was a round shot about 4 inches in diameter) spinning along the ground, at times standing still like a spinning top; I was going to give



it a kick, but something said dont! This innocent looking thing touched against a cannon wheel, glanced off and broke a horses leg. What might it have done to mine, if I had kicked it?

We also received an allotment of railroad iron fired at us, in chunks of various lengths, which made a terrible roaring noise. This was a wise enconomy of the enemy, (every shot we fired cost ten dollars,) and where no accurate shooting was required and terrifying noise was a factor, the railroad iron answered every purpose and cost much less.

The fighting had lasted until long after dark. Tired and exhausted I laid down at the entrance of the magazine, and was soon sound asleep when I felt some one fumbling at my boots, and I was awakened by the comrade who had talked to the officer who conducted us to our battery the night before. He informed me that we had been ordered to move out of the fort quietly, leaving our cannon, that had been spiked, in the hands of the enemy, but to take our horses.

It was one o'clock in the morning, when we filed out of the fort on the road to Martinsburg. All of the wagons were left behind for fear of them making a noise, and apprising the enemy of what we were doing.

There were hundreds of mules mounted by teamsters and other noncombatants in line. We were given to understand, that we were entirely surrounded, and that the Cavalry would take the lead, and brake through the line of the enemy. That we were to remain in a compact body and pass through the opening with a rush. Some would fall, some would be captured, my boyhood friend and comrade, and a few others who had enlisted in our party

promised each other, that what ever happened, we would stay together. The road was so crowed, and the jam of horses and mules so great, that I was compelled to take my feet out of the stirups and kneel or squat on the saddle for a time for fear my leg might be broken.

In this jam my comrade and I became separated from the rest, but he and I remained together.

Just as the Sun like a fiery ball was emerging from the distant tree tops, a musket shot was heard in our front, followed by others in rapid succession, and boom! boom! boom! the cannon opened on us in our front, their shells bursting over our heads.

One comrade had his bridle reins cut in two without injury to himself or horse.

Now came confusion, the noncombatants, teamsters and others, being without officers to enforce discipline, sought safety in fleeing to the right and left of the road, instead of remaining in a compact body and rushing through as it was understood.

This left an open space on the pike between us and the enemy, who had by this time closed the gap; many of our boys were farsighted enough to forge ahead of the rest of us and get in with the cavalry, and got through without difficulty.

## CHAPTER XI

### WE ARE TAKEN PRISONERS

THE road being blocked in our front, I saw some dashing into the woods on the left of the pike. My comrade and I were alone by this time, and as we approached the woods, we saw a glistening line of guns so near that we could hear them shout "Go back." We held a council of war (we two.) I saw some still getting into the woods on the right, when boom! a shell, plowed up the clover field in front of us and glanced over our heads. We concluded to try the right of the road, I spurred my horse with both heels and he lurched to one side so suddenly that I came near being thrown from my saddle. Then I realised what that fellow was doing fumbling about my boots before he woke me up, he had relieved me of one of my spurs; but I urged my swift and faithful steed with one spur; jumped him over a low stone wall on to the pike, thinking my friend was behind me, when looking back, lo! there he was belaboring his crazy horse with his sabre, and the horse bobbing his head up and down, and not moving forward one bit. I will here explain that it really was a crazy or dummy horse, that could not be used in a team, and was with several others kept as extra horses.

Some one had taken his horse, and in the darkness this was all that he could find.

Here was a supreme moment for me. On my right was liberty and home, on my left a Confederate prison and all that it implied, with sickness, starvation perhaps death.

Shall I leave my friend whom I agreed to stand by, no matter what happened? The greatest thought of all that

ran thru my mind was, what will I tell his mother? Could I tell her, that I had left him to be captured, and ran away to save myself? No! no! a thousand times no! I would go to him and we would share our fate together which I did. I dismounted and so did he, and we sadly led our horses over the field to the pike.

We two alone of all the battery; not another living Union soldier in sight, a few dead ones, and a dead horse was all I could see. I felt miserable to think, that we two, of all that mass of men, that crowded the pike but a short time before, should be taken prisoner.

We knew the front was blocked, and that the enemy would soon be coming from Winchester in our rear, one of our comrades came back from the woods to the right, and reported that the Confederates were just swarming thru them, and there was now no hope of getting out that way.

My! we were pleased to see him, there was at least one other besides we two who was captured. I saw a barn to the rear with a yellow flag displayed over it; that was the safest place for us, as it was a hospital flag, that would be respected by the enemy, thither we went, and oh joy! Misery does love company; there were about twenty more of our battery with a lot of others, all had their various experiences to relate, and I did not feel so mean and lonesome.

Altogether there were fifty, or about one-third of our battery taken prisoners. We did not want the Confederates to get our arms, so I hid my sabre under the barn, the revolvers were made useless by taking out the chambers and breaking off the barrels and throwing one piece one way and another the other.

There was nothing else to do now but await our captors as we were surrounded on all sides; and any demonstrations

on our part might have led to unnecessary blood-shed.

We did not have to wait long, when down the road came a Confederate officer followed by a negro with a whole string of captured revolvers slung over his shoulders, we could easily have shot him as he was alone. He asked for our revolvers; we informed him that we had none, but he had seen one of our comrades throw his away in two parts and made him go and pick it up at the point of his revolver. This was extremely humiliating to this young man especially, as he had such noble bearing and was so brave and upright in all his actions, I felt sorry to see him so humbled, for there was not a better man in our battery.

This officer advised us to stay where we were as he rode on. Next came a fierce looking cavalry man, who dismounted as he saw me, reaching out his hand in pleasure and surprise as he recognised me as an old school mate; we had not met each other since we had left school. He asked many questions about mutual friends in Baltimore who he hoped to see soon, as they were going as far north as Philadelphia, and Harrisburg at least, and take in Baltimore and Washington on their way back; and when I told him of quite a number of our school-mates in the Union Army, and a number of them in our battery he was surprised.

It was not long before the Confederate army came down upon us in ever increasing numbers. Up to this time I had not given up my horse, when a cavalryman came to me, remarking "Say Yank that horse is too good for you let us swap" and dismounting from his wreck of a beast took possession of my beautiful grey with his silver mounted and elaborate embossed saddle. Of course I could not object, as I was a prisoner.

Sadly and reluctantly parting with my faithful animal

who had served me so well; who was appreciative of the kind treatment shown him. I kissed him good-by and gave him a parting hug and begged his new master to treat him well. Watching him with a heavy heart as he passed down the pike, and wondered if horses go to heaven, and if I ever would see him again. While thus engaged in sad revery a Confederate soldier snatched my good felt hat, with its black plume, red tassel and all from my head, and gave me a delapidated, torn and ragged old straw hat in return.

I had scarcely placed it on my head when another snatched it off, remarking as the other fellow did about my horse; it was too good for a Yankee. I was to resent this, but he was off, leaving me with a grey cap that was several sizes too small for me.

The visor was of paste-board, covered with thin black oil cloth, that wilted and dropped off the first time it got wet. The two brass buttons had C. V. M. I. standing for Cadet Virginia Military Institute on them. (Our ex Mayor of Baltimore, Thomas G. Hays and our late assistant commissioner of Public schools Mr. Wise, were boys of that command, and this cap might have belonged to one of them.)

We were held on the road-side until all of the scattered prisoners were gathered in; and while thus waiting; General Yewell's corps passed by, giving us a good idea as to what the Southern Army looked like.

What struck us most forcibly was the poorly clad ragged and often bare-footed soldiers. There was no uniformity in clothing, especially in head gears, some wore straw hats, some felt hats some had caps, yes we saw one with a coonskin cap, there did not appear to be two alike either in color or shape. Some had blankets (mostly captured from the Yankees) with U. S. woven into them,

some had bed quilts, many had nothing of the kind for covering, some had coats, others had jackets, many wore Yankee clothes, quite a number had neither, but were in their shirt sleeves. The dust only had given them a uniform grey appearance. The harness of cannons and teams were just as delapidated, they used rope for traces and often wash lines for reins. Leather must have been scarce, for it was never used where a rope would answer.

It was surprising to see the comparison they bore to our well equipped army. These poorly clad soldiers had a special incentive to get the Yankees on the run, take prisoners, and get the clothes of both living and dead (The dead needed no clothes and they did) The spoils of war were an important item to them, whereas the Yankees were well supplied, and would hesitate to wear the ragged and filthy clothes of the Johnnies unless compelled to do so, as I was in regard to my head gear. Other prisoners had been compelled to exchange pants and jackets as I had with my hat.

Let it be understood too that the Confederates at this period were in their best condition, and especially equipt for their great invasion of Pennsylvania. These Johnnies as they marched by were jovial buoyant and happy in their anticipation of the great victory they were going to achieve over the Yankees on their own soil; and it looked at that time as if they had good reason to be hopeful.

No soldiers in the worlds history fought more valiantly than they did at Gettysburg, where many of those happy boys, of a few weeks before fought their last battle. An amusing sight was a Confederate soldier completely covered from head to foot with a set of brass band instruments captured from 67 Pennsylvania Regiment which they had bought in Baltimore a few months before; and he was the

ing a large horn for all he was worth, as he was marching to head quarters at Winchester with his spoils. Speaking about taking clothes from dead Union soldiers; a Confederate soldier related an incident which happened to him. He found as he supposed a dead Yankee lying in a barn, who had on a good pair of boots which he would like to have had, he examined him again and made sure he was dead, and commenced to pull off the boots, when the supposed corpse with his big glassy eyes staring at him said "Oh please wait Johnny until I am dead." He was so frightened that he dropped the boots and hurried out of the barn.

When Yewell's corps had passed us, we took up our march in the opposite direction, that was towards Winchester where we had left at one o'clock that morning. After a short halt in the court house grounds, we were marched up into the larger fort which General Milroy had occupied during the fight. We were getting hungry by this time, and I had nothing but a few crackers which I ate. As good luck would have it, we were put in charge of a Maryland Confederate regiment the first afternoon at the fort, and many of our boys met old friends among them; I recognised a Captain who was an old neighbor of ours, and was surprised to see him in the Southern Army.

General Milroy's commissary tent had been left with all its contents; and while the front of the tent was carefully guarded by the Maryland Confederate boys, the other Maryland boys of our battery were allowed to take several fine sugar cured hams, some coffee and sugar from under the back of the tent, which after dark, was divided with our Johnny friends, who otherwise would not have gotten a smell of the stuff they were so diligently guarding, as that would have been turned over to officers; and so we were kindly helping each other,



for how else could a poor Confederate soldier get a piece of sugar cured ham? We were lucky! The other poor fellows, and there were over a thousand of them, got nothing until the next day, when each man received nine crackers. So we with nine crackers, sugar cured ham and coffee, were surely blessed. (When I say we, I always mean our battery boys.)

That first night I laid on the ground under a cannon, and had the first night's good rest since the Thursday before, and this was Monday night; I slept and was dead to the world until day light. Now things were beginning to be disagreeable, the fort was crowded, the earth was ground to a dust that was an inch or more thick, the sun was broiling hot and no air stirring, and no shade. I saw a soldier pick up the rind of some of the ham which we had thrown away, out of the dust, wipe it off on his sleeve, and eat it.

Little did I think, that a few weeks later I would like to have had a piece of ham rind like that to chew on. There was a cistern in the fort but that was exhausted, and so a squad would be detailed to fill our canteens; I got into conversation with one of the guards, who was from North Carolina, and was in favor of the Union, but when the Yankees came down there to set the "niggers" free, and put white men in bondage, and the "niggers" to be masters over the white men, he was ready to shed the last drop of blood, and kill every Yankee he could in defence of his liberty. I said Johnnie! give me your hand, I am exactly of your opinion, but you have been misinformed as to the cause and object of this war; if I believed as he did, I would join his army, so would thousands of others he is now fighting against. I told him that we were fighting for the maintainance of the Union, and not to free the

negroes, much less to make them masters over white men; even if it would be necessary to free the negroes to save the Union, the land and other property would not be taken from the white people.

He could hardly believe what I said, I wonder if he lived long enough to learn better. And so there were thousands of ignorant and illiterate whites who were kept together and fought so desparately for the South by such delusions.

After having seen the cheerfulness of the Confederate soldiers under such adverse conditions, I often later on, rebuked my discontented, and grouchy companions by telling them what the Johnnies were putting up with.

I was taken prisoner with several thousand others on Monday morning, Tuesday we received nine crackers, Wednesday morning passed and no rations until about the middle of the afternoon; when we received one half a pint tin-cup of flour, a piece of bacon two inches square, this was to serve for our march which we were going to begin tomorrow. I did not know what to do with the flour, having nothing but a pint tin cup, a tin plate, and a few splinters of wood; here was a dilemma I was hungry and I must eat, so I stirred some of the flour in my tin cup, the bacon I was going to fry in my tin plate.

After stirring the flour and water over the fire for a few minutes, it began to look like paperhangers paste and so it was, and the more I stirred the worse it looked, but what was I to do? I had to eat it I was hungry. I sliced the bacon that was smelling fine and looked good, and there was all the nice fat fried out of it, so I poured my paste into it as well as I could and managed to eat it. I had half of my flour left, then I conceived the idea of baking a cake with, it I had no shortening to put into it as I

had already eaten that, when it was done it was better than the paste.

That night it rained and settled the dust and the morning bright clear and cheerful. I managed to keep dry under a rubber blanket which was all I had left, besides my haversack, canteen, tin plate, and cup.

I will here state that when we so hastily broke camp at Berryville, our knapsacks with blankets and overcoats piled into one of our wagons with what tents we had left, did not keep up with the battery, but were in line with other wagons with special guards, to keep them from being captured, and not to block the way on the march to Winchester, and when we arrived, there was a general discontent because our wagons were not with us, and many resolves were made that we would not trust our knapsacks with blankets etc. to the wagons again. We did not know that the wagons had been attacked and deflected from their route by a part of J. E. B. Stewart's cavalry and forced into Pennsylvania, and came back by way of Harrisburg, down the York road, thru Baltimore, to Fort McHenry where I received my knapsack all in tact when I returned from prison. Everything was just as I had packed it; a book of the U. S. Army regulations had the back abraded where it had rubbed against some sharp edge; our knapsacks had gone one way and we the other but came together all right in the end.

#### HISTORY

It is well here to digress, and explain how, that this part of the army was sacrificed, left standing in the way of Lee's whole army on its invasion of the North.

General Milroy as I have mentioned in a previous chap-

ter, had informed the War Department that the Confederate Army was advancing that way. General Halleck, thought it might only be a ruse to cause the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac, from near Washington, and then Washington being exposed they could by a hurried march pounce upon Washington and capture it; and ordered our General Milroy, to hold his position until further orders. It was these orders we waited for, until too late.

It is interesting to read the documents, order, and correspondence which passed between General Hooker, who commanded the Army of the Potomac, and General Halleck, as recorded in the Rebellion Records published by the Government. Hooker would not move unless order to do so by Halleck; Halleck was afraid to take the responsibility, and wanted Hooker to move without being ordered, Hooker was not to be fooled that way; as in case of disaster, Hooker would have gotten all the blame.

Here was the beginning of the quarrel which ended in Hooker resigning his command, as the army was following Lee into Pennsylvania. Halleck from his headquarters in Washington, often interfered with the commanding officers in the field.

When General Grant took command of the whole army, and remained with it in the field, Halleck had very little to say. Milroy's command was disberst. The disaster at Winchester had happened. When Hooker did finally move from the Rapahannock with strict orders to keep between Lee and Washington, it was then too late to help us. As it turned out later it was a good thing that we did hold on.

I sometimes think that we were wilfully sacrificed for the purpose of holding the Southern army in check. Lee was delayed by us, for three days or more. Had Milroy withdrawn to the B. & O. R. R. via Martinsburg, it would

have left the way clear for Lee, and the battle would not have been fought at Gettysburg, but at some other point further in Pennsylvania, on grounds probably of his own choosing, where the result might have been different. So it was for the best, after all, that we staid at Winchester as we did.

#### OUR CAPTAINS REPORT

Our Captains report of the loss of our guns, as published by the War Department, says "On being informed that I would have to abandon my guns, I plead with General Milroy. Offering to wrap all the wheels with blankets so as to make them noiseless, and that we should at least try to get them out, and that if we should fail, we could do no more than lose them, which would be no worse than leaving them in the hands of the enemy. He thought it would be more honorable, to have tried and failed, than not to have tried at all." Milroy thought that the least noise, might bring the enemy down upon us, when we were the least prepared, and for the good of the whole, it was safer to abandon the guns. This was a sad blow for our bright, brave, and ambitious Captain. He never got over it.

#### OUR MARCH TO RICHMOND

We started on our march to Richmond, on Thursday morning, guarded by the 54th. North Carolina Regiment. Soldiers who had seen service and were sympathetic, and treated us as they would expect to be treated under similar conditions, knowing that in the vicissitudes of war they might in turn be prisoners, as many of them in all probability had been, or were, later on.

This march was especially hard on the artillery and

cavalry boys who had heretofore been on horseback. Our double seated pants and heavy boots were not adapted for a twenty mile a day march, as I discovered before the day was over, footsore and weary, almost exhausted, when the time for a twenty minutes rest was granted. Our guards did not seem to mind it, they were used to it.

Before the day was quite over they marched us into the woods for half a mile or so, to keep us from being recaptured by our cavalry. Near our camp was a small stream lined by many of the Johnnies, with their feet in the water, and their bare backs towards us, each one busily intent in going over the seams and wrinkles of their shirts exterminating virmin. This practice was continued as long as we were on the march. I had heard of such things, but could not believe it until now. We were consoled with the assurance that our turn to do the same, would come before long, and it did.

I was surprised when I saw a wagon with bags of flour halt at the camp, and distribute quantities of it among the different groups of prisoners, who were arranged and kept together according to the States to which they belonged. Our guards receiving the same as the prisoners only perhaps a little more. After which a wagon was brought up containing all sorts of pieces of flat iron, such as stove plates, oven doors etc., just such a pile as one would see at a junk shop, among this lot there were a number of skillets, and dutch ovens (skillets with lids or covers to fit on them) these were secured by the favored ones. Good smoked shoulder of pork or bacon was distributed next. Camp kettles were distributed, in which the meat was boiled, and the fat which was boiled out of it was used as shortening for the dough, which was made into flat cakes and baked on these iron slabs.

If one could get two of them and put one on top and cover with embers, he had as a result a nice short cake, there was no rising, or baking soda for us, but they had, besides they had molasses or long sweetening as they called it, some of which they would mix with the dough.

This bread to us was quite an improvement over the hard tack which we had been getting in our army, coffee of course was not to be thought of by us nor our guards; I still had a small piece of ham left over, so my first supper with our host was quite enjoyable, marred only by the thought, that this short cake, only as large as two hands, was to last twenty four-hours.

## CHAPTER XII

### CONFEDERATE ECONOMY IN TRANSPORTATION.

**T**HIS mode of furnishing bread, was, I think an improvement as far as transportation was concerned.

It would have taken six wagons to carry one wagon load of flour if baked into bread or crackers; and as for meat, the smoked dry pork did not require as much space as the heavy, wet, briney pork which was dealt out to the Union soldiers.

Besides all this it was the kind of bread the Southerners were used to eating at home; as to its healthfulness, I do not think that it injured them, as on the whole they did not suffer any more than the Union Soldiers. Transportation by long wagon trains, with the necessary guards to protect them, was an incumbrance to the Army of the Potomac. During this period of the war, June and July 1863, our wagon train accompanying the army to Gettysburg, was over seven miles long, it could not go ahead of the army, nor could it be allowed to encumber the troops; so it had to follow in the rear, where it was subjected to, raids by the enemy's cavalry.

Some wagons of course with provisions and ammunition necessarily kept with their regiments, and were sandwiched between the troops on the line of march, and these with their six mules often delayed the advancing troops.

When General Grant took command, these regimental and company wagons were reduced nearly one half.

After having cooked our rations for the next days march, we commenced to make arrangements for spending the night in the woods. My chum and I had one rubber blanket between us, and if it had not begun to rain,



could have made out all right, by putting it under us, but we needed some for cover so we tore it in two, put one half under us, tacked one end of the other on a tree stump about eighteen inches high, and pegged the other two corners to the ground; this was some shelter, but not quite enough, as we both got a little wet, but not near as much as we would have gotten without this protection, as many others did; some sat up against a tree all night trying to keep dry. During the night one of the older men made himself known as a Free Mason, it was said, at any rate he was favored all along, by the officers of our guards, and was given opportunities of favoring us in the way of rations accomodations, etc.

The next morning we awoke cold stiff and sore, I was shivering as though I had the ague. At the spring where I went to fill our canteens, I found some mint and decided to cook some tea, which would at least be something warm. When I returned I found my chum had collapsed, he was too sick to stand up, and was huddled under the rubber blanket.

I told him that I had something which would set him up, I cooked a quart cup of strong mint tea, we had some sugar left and drank some of the tea as hot as we could and felt better at once, in fact he could eat some of his short cake, and by the time we were ordered to fall in, he was all right, so was I, except a little soreness in my limbs. My comrade never forgot that mint tea, as many years after as we were sipping a mint julep on a hot Summer day, he recalled the incident, and said he did not know what he would have done if it had not been for that mint tea, and remarked in a joking way that he had been partial to mint ever since. "So let us have another good and strong."

## THE POWER OF SONG.

The first evening, when we as prisoners, occupied the fort evacuated by Milroy, when all of us felt more or less down hearted, some one started to sing Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, followed by My Country Tis of Thee, and so on, all the patriotic airs we could think of, then My Old Kentucky Home, Annie Laura, and other sentimental songs.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, had not been composed, or we would have made the welkin ring with it, it would have been so appropriate. One cannot express the feeling which these songs awakened, and how they cheered the down hearted, unless he had experienced such surroundings. All of our long marches were cheered with singing or whistling as we tramped along.

The Romans led their captives in triumphal processions through the country to Rome, bound in chains. We were not bound with chains, but our captors made as much show of triumph as they could, by beating a large bass drum as they approached a town or village, so that the inhabitants could turn out to see the show.

It was on one of these exhibitions, that it is said a Southern woman expressed surprise, at seeing, that the Yankees had no horns, as she had been led to believe, or as a little child who had been led to believe that the Yankees were some sort of monsters, remarked "they are not Yankees, they are soldiers". The woman often in their zeal for the southern cause, and to express their hatred for the Yankees were insulting in the use of their tongues their only weapon.

This was generally passed by unnoticed; but on one occasion, it was over done and was punished for it in the

following manner. She had arrayed herself in a Confederate flag, and was painted and powdered to the extreme and on either side had two little negro girls waving small Southern flags and imitating their mistress as she waved her flags and kept spitting at, and expressing her contempt for the hated Yankees. A Yankee soldier stepped out of the ranks and confronted her using the most obscene, vulgar, abusive language I had ever heard, as he expressed his opinion, as to what he thought of her. She retired in haste, amidst the jeers, cheers, and laughter of all the prisoners who had seen the performance, as well as our guards, one of whom said to me; it served her right, she had no business to insult prisoners, and she got her just reward. I don't think that she ever ventured to try such a performance again.

On our march we passed through Strausburg and Mt. Jackson; where General Fremont had a fight a year before, Harrisonburg, New Market, Mt. Crawford, and other small towns in the Shennandoah Valley, which General Sheridan cleaned out so thoroughly a year later.

It rained nearly every night. On Saturday the third day of our march, we were caught in a heavy shower and got soaking wet about an hour before we halted although I slept in my wet clothes, I felt all right, but during the previous day I had suffered extremely from muscular pains especially on my getting on my feet following our ten minutes rest; sleeping in our wet clothes must have cured this, for I felt better and marching became easier, and when we halted that Sunday evening, I felt as though I could have marched a few miles more without inconvenience.

I kept my feet in good condition by washing and greasing with bacon fat after we halted for the day. I

pitied many of the boys who had their feet chafed sore by ill fitting shoes; some had discarded their stockings, and others to their sorrow, tried to walk bare footed as many of the Johnnies did, but the Johnnies were used to it and they were not. Some of the boys had a chance to buy bread, at Five dollars per loaf, that is what it was worth in Confederate money, but not in Green backs or U.S. notes. I tried to buy some maple sugar that was offered for two dollars per pound, and offered a twenty five cent Government note which was refused, and the deal was off.

On the afternoon of June 23d, we arrived at Staunton, Va., about ninety miles from Winchester, having marched on an average of eighteen miles a day. Many were sore, sick and weary, my chum and I were all right, and would soon have learned to keep up with the so called flat foot cavalry of the Confederates. They had so little to carry, that up to that date, they could outmarch the Union soldiers with their heavy woolen clothes. They wore mostly cotton clothes and ragged at that, so there was plenty of ventilation. A straw hat, a cotton shirt, and pants concluded the outfit of many of them, who were indeed in light marching order.

At Staunton Va. we were counted off eighty to a car. Don't imagine that they were passenger coaches, for they were not, but freight cars, and the one I happened to get into had been used as a cattle car and had not been swept clean, as there was plenty of evidence as to what it had been used for before we were huddled into it; these cars were not half as large as our freight and cattle cars now are, nearer one third than one half. There was no room to lie down, one could sit on the floor with his knees

to his chin and if he wished to stretch his legs, he had to poke them over the tops of others, perhaps with his feet in some one's face, naturally there was very little sleep, but a great deal of growling that night.

One facetious comrade in the middle of the night sang out in a loud voice "Cheer up boys, the worst is yet to come". This became a by word when things looked bad for us. At day break we were within a few miles of Gordonsville, and reached Richmond about Five P.M. having been nearly twenty four hours on the road, which is now traveled in a few hours.

## CHAPTER XIII

### LIBBY PRISON

WE were marched to a large ware house with a sign of Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers, which ran back from the street to a canal or river; this was the celebrated Libby Prison, we had heard so much about. One of our men who was a brick layer by trade, had helped to build it some years before, little dreaming that in a few short years he was to occupy it as a prisoner of war.

We were taken to the second floor, where there was plenty of room, we were not crowded at all, it had been newly white washed, and we were agreeably surprised at the cleanness and the ample supply of black bean soup and one quarter of a loaf of bread, being hungry we enjoyed very much. I slept comparatively well; it was so much better than in the crowded cattle car of the night before.

Our second visit to Libby was quite different as you will soon learn. We received no breakfast, but got a slice of boiled fresh beef and the usual amount of bread at noon, when we were lined up and searched, which was not very rigid for they missed my watch, my diary, and pipe, they relieved us of our rubber blankets; the woolen blankets were already gone, ink stands, and black pepper of which my chum had a whole package. Our money was hid away in the lining of our clothes or shoes; I had retained my lead pencil and diary, else the most interesting part of my experience would not have been recorded.

I was also fortunate in being able to keep my haversack, containing spoon, knife, tin cup, and tin plate. Others had their haversacks with contents taken from them. After this we were overhauled again, as we marched out of the doors to get into line to march to Belle Island.

#### AN OFFICERS JACKET

Just before we left Libby prison, to be marched to the Island, there was quite a commotion made by the Confederate officers, searching for a Union officer, who was supposed to be evading the rules of war by mixing in with the privates. Officers frequently ripped off their shoulder straps, when they anticipated being captured, because a captured officer was of a great deal more consequence than a private.

Now I had on an officers jacket, from which the shoulder straps had been removed, and perhaps someone had noticed it, I felt very uneasy about the matter and kept in the dark part of the room, and was very much relieved when the search was over, and no harm had come to me. I came in possession of this jacket in the following manner.

When we had made the several vain attempts to get through the lines of our surrounding captors, and returned to the pike; we met the negro servant of our junior second Lieutenant who had this jacket, and of course would be captured together with the jacket, which just fit me, was of fine material tailor made, and had gilt buttons. I took off the shoulder straps, discarded my common and somewhat worn jacket for this better one, that came near getting me into trouble.

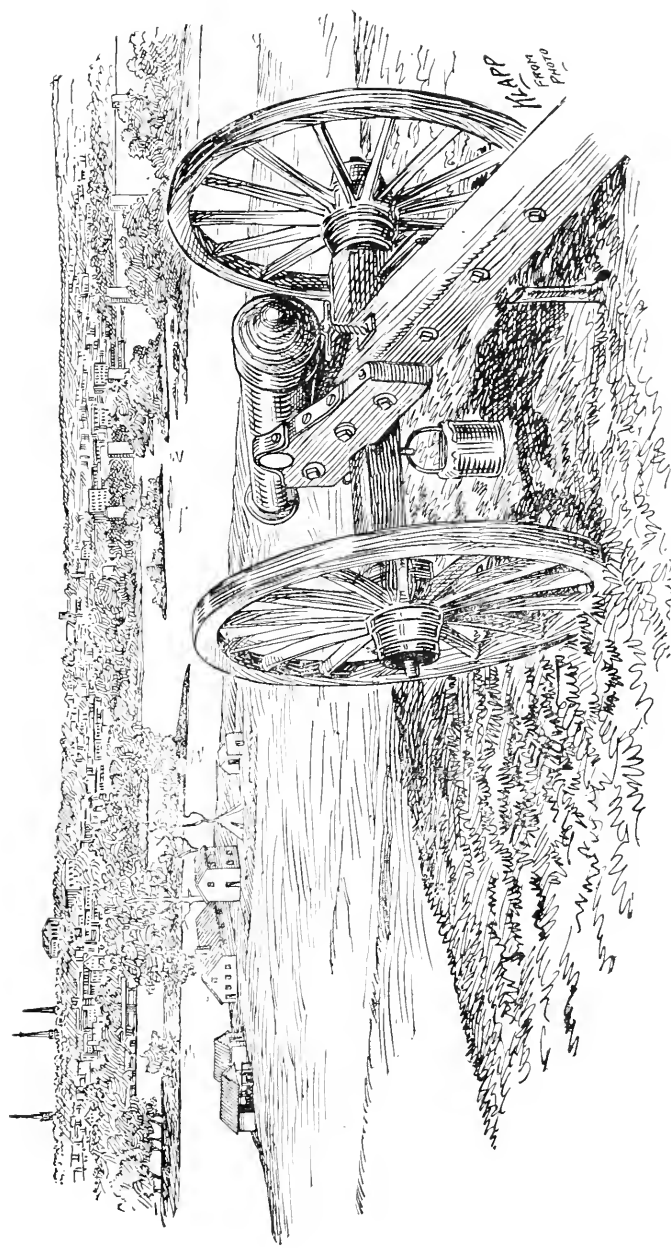
## BELLE ISLAND AND ITS DEAD LINE

Belle Island sounds nice, and was an island rising some twenty feet or more above the James river, opposite Richmond, with groves of trees and plenty of shade, but that was not where the prisoners were confined. On the lower end of the island was a sandy beach but a few feet above the level of the river, and was evidently under water during the Spring freshets. The drinking water was supplied by sinking perforated flour barrels into the sand, where they filled with water which percolated through from the river. By digging anywhere about a foot or two the hole would soon fill with water.

Early in the morning you could get a cup of clear water, but it would soon be stirred up, and get muddy, which would rapidly settle with a thick sediment. This water however was not unhealthy though one of our boys was taken with typhoid and had to be left at Petersburg while on our way to be exchanged, and another died shortly after arriving at Camp Parol, at Annapolis of the same sickness. This was the seargent who had aimed the gun that exploded the ammunition chest of the enemy at Winchester and had made several other remarkable good shots.

The ground on which we slept was very damp, so much so that when I awoke from my first nights sleep, I found my whole side wet, but more especially my hip, to remedy this, for want of something better I placed a tin plate under my hip, which kept me comparatively dry. Under these conditions, is it any wonder that so many of the old veterans are suffering from rheumatism? I was not afflicted that way, but the skin on my hip calloused; another example of how with a little care and forethought,





## BELLE ISLAND

The prisoners were camped on the low ground to the left. Confiscate quarters and kitchen in the back ground.



one may ward off sickness and future trouble.

The space allotted the prisoners, containing about two or three acres was enclosed by an embankment of sand about three feet high, to step on or over it meant death, and was called, the dead line. This and other rules were explained to us.

We were fortunate in getting on the island before the many who came after us. Five of us got possession of a ragged and tattered little tent, it was ragged and torn, but it was better than nothing, as hundreds of others had no shelter at all; with scant clothing, often hatless. Quite a number of discarded canvas tarpaulings that had been used to cover cannons, were used as shelters, these were fastened on stakes about four feet high at each corner, and where ever it sagged, they would put a prop under it. This would not shed the water like a tent, so that when the top would fill with water, they would raise it up from underneath, and run the water off. All kinds of scraps of canvas were used for shelter, and it was a queer sight to see the various devices applied to make them serviceable.

#### OUR RATIONS

Out side of the dead line, in a grove of trees, was the cook shed and our Masonic comrade, was detailed to assist in giving out the rations to the prisoners.

I have frequently been asked as to what and how much we received to eat. From a daily memoranda I am able to state that we received one ounce of meat, (bones and all) that is 16 men received one pound of meat one quarter pound of bread, one gill of bean soup. This was just enough to keep one from starving, but the fat and bulky men got thin and suffered most at the beginning. We had

for instance one fellow who would think nothing of eating a quart of bean soup at a meal, to say nothing of the bread and meat that went with it; of course he suffered a great deal; to make things worse, they did not use the large white beans that we had been used to, that would cook into a thick broth, but a small black bean, that remained whole; at times one would get all beans in his gill and others nothing but water in which the beans had been cooked. My ration of meat at one time was not as large as my thumb, a piece of soft fat that I rubbed in between two pieces of bread, and it disappeared being so little, soft and mushy. The most harassing of all was the irregularity with which rations were distributed; sometimes we would receive them between nine and ten in the morning, the next day it would be about three in the afternoon, this was a long time between meals sure. We of course were always hungry, one blessing however, we had nothing to do, and it was Summer time. Towards the end I did not feel the hunger so much, I got used to it, though I felt weak.

I remarked to an older comrade one time. That if the good Lord would ever let me get out of this alive, I would make up for all this starvation; and he replied "you will only eat your stomach full once and you will be all right." He was mistaken, it took me several weeks to become thoroughly satisfied, for I could eat until I was full, and still have that hungry feeling. So that when I see the old grey headed comrades enjoying themselves at a banquet I always think that they have earned that privilege; they are entitled to it.

#### BUYING BREAD

We of course were hungry all the time, and when an opportunity presented itself to augment our scanty rations

we were only too anxious to avail ourselves of it. One day it was whispered about, that one of the West Virginia boys was selling bread at fifty cents a loaf, we naturally tried to get some of it, my first attempt however was a failure, as he was only selling to his friends. He was quartered under one of those large pieces of canvas, previously mentioned and could not see the purchaser; I saw his friends poke their money under the canvas, and ask for the required number of loaves, and got them, so I did the same and said boldly, "Jim give me four loaves" tendering a two dollar bill, and the bread was handed out. On the day before, I had timidly begged for the privilege of buying some bread and was refused. This only lasted two more days, when the officers put a stop to it; These loaves were the size and shape of our five cent box loaves, but it did taste good; it was so light, that one of the boys accidentally sat on a loaf which he put under his jacket on the floor of the tent, it was mashed so flat that he declared that some one had eaten the inside, and left him nothing but the crust.

Our first Sabbath was a sad and dreary one indeed, we could hear the distant church bells ringing, but no religious services were held in the prison camp. This would have been a great solace to the sad and dejected soldiers; so we had a prayer meeting in our tent; our oldest comrade led in prayer, and I read a few chapters of the testament to the boys. To add to our misery we did not get anything to eat until noon, when we received a double allowance, half a pint instead of a gill of bean soup, or rather the water in which the beans had been cooked.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON BELL ISLAND

ONE of our boys who was so deafened by the exploding shell in the battle recently passed through, that he could only be made to understand by shouting into his ears, so he knew nothing of the rule about the dead line.

One evening at dusk I heard a sentinel call in Virginia dialect "Git down from dar you Yank, git down from dar or I'll shoot". I heard his gun click, as I jumped up in time to take in the situation, and called to the sentinel "Dont shoot! he is deaf" I ran up to the boy who had his back turned to us, and pulled him back in time to save his life. When I explained the situation and that the guard was going to shoot him, he replied in amazement, "Well I'll be darned what fore" Here would an innocent person have been killed and no one to blame. The guard was carrying out his instructions. It may be of interest to know what became of this stout healthy good looking, black eyed boy. Some thirty odd years later, a tall stoop shouldered grey bearded broken down and prematurely aged man called on me. It was some time before I could recognise him as my old army comrade. Owing to his deafness he had become a recluse, not being able to hear, he took no interest in company, worked—worked—worked in a rolling mill, and then in a boiler factory until he had become prematurely aged; as long as he could work he was ashamed to ask for a pension, he had put in a claim, but lacked witnesses to prove that his deafness was contracted while in the army.

It was painful to see his humiliating deference towards me, as if I were some great personage, and he an humble petitioner for alms, he could hardly express his thoughts having spoken so little during all this time. I wanted him to address me as of old instead of calling me Mister. He had become despondent and lost all hope of getting his pension, to which he was so justly entitled and should have had long before. He knew no one and could not locate any of his old army comrades. I tried to recall his memory to the incident on Belle Island. He did not remember any thing about it. It had not made such a lasting impression on him as it had on me. I told him that I had a memorandum in my dairy, kept during the war, that I could swear to. I took his case in hand, and saw his attorney, and had a Special Examiner from the Pension office to call on me. My old comrade not only received a nice little sum of back pension, but enough regular pension to supply his few wants. I often thought, that if my diary did no more good than that, it was worth the while; but it helped several other worthy pensions which will be mentioned later on. To those who find fault with the pensioning of old soldiers, I would ask them to consider the far reaching effect of that bursting shell, near the ear of that soldier boy. He was not killed, but his whole after life was blighted.

#### A LITTLE DRUMMER BOY'S ADVENTURE

One day I was detailed with some others, to bring in our share of boiled meat, we had nothing to carry it in but a piece of rubber blanket. A little drummer boy, who on account of his delicate age, was a privileged character and not subject to the rigid rules of the dead line, ran along

with us; he was holding one corner of the blanket when he doubled up in a queer way, and when questioned as to the cause of his action, said he had cramps of the stomach, he was told to let go of the blanket and go to his tent, and we would have the doctor attend him. When we returned to the camp, he was found with his stomach bared and a comrade sprinkling flour on his scalded stomach.

He had clandestinely appropriated a piece of hot meat, and had hid it in his bosom, and had leaned forward to keep it from burning his skin, as it had slipped down to his stomach,

This drummer boy, after the War, studied for the ministry and is now minister of the gospel. We had a good laugh over the incident, when I recalled the fact to him a few years ago.

It is the recalling of these many incidences that make old soldiers meetings so attractive.

#### A FORLORN AND FRIGHTENED BOY

One day we heard a lamenting cry of O! Mon Dieu! My God My God! from a boy who did not appear to be over seventeen years of age. He was French and had been inveigled into the army by some sharpers in New York, on account of the bounty that he was to receive but was swindled out of. He was sitting in the broiling sun, and had a scalp wound in which the flies had deposited their eggs that had developed into life; the discovery of which naturally gave him a dreadful shock and caused his out cry. He told us that he was in the cavalry, and in a skirmish, in which they were ordered to charge on the enemy, he was in the front with his captain, thinking that the rest of his company were close up to them; but on looking back he found that the rest of them,



had been cut off and had not followed and that he and the captain were alone and surrounded by the enemy, he slashed around with his saber in self defence; had he understood the demands of the enemy to surrender, he would have done so, but he thought it was a case of kill or be killed hence his desperate defence.

As it was they had cut him across the back ripping his jacket barely scratching the skin; after which he was cut over the head, and knew nothing more until he found himself a prisoner. He was very anxious to know what had become of his Captain, who could understand his language. We took him into our tent, washed his wound and consoled the poor forlorn boy, and got him quiet, when he fell into a deep sleep; he told us that he had not slept for several nights on account of his pain and grief at being so entirely alone among so many of his comrades that he could not speak to. My comrade could speak French enough to make himself understood and to understand what the boy was saying. I think the boy would have died of fright and grief or become insane if it had not been for us.

We kept the wound clean and bandaged it properly, and it was healing nicely by the time we left the Island.

#### THE DEATH OF A PRISONER

Another sad scene was the death of a cavalry man, he was a large heavy set man apparently healthy and the attack came upon him very suddenly, he was suffering intensely, his cries, moans and laments were heart rending. He called a comrade to his side, and said "Give this ring to Mary," then gave him some instructions as to his last wishes and expired before the prison doctor who had been summoned arrived. He laid there for several hours when

his body was taken out and buried beside others that had gone before him.

#### ALMOST A TRAGEDY

I was awakened one morning hearing a prisoner peremptorily demanding the return of his stolen pocket book, the thief denied having it, and as I looked out from under our tattered tent, I saw the man standing over the prostrate form of another with a club demanding the return of his money, threatening to kill him if it was not forthcoming; and he looked as if he meant it. I expected to see the man clubbed to death, when just before the third demand, the thief reluctantly handed over the stolen money. Had he been killed, there would have been no investigation or trial; human life was not much thought of during war, especially under these conditions.

In our companies various camps and among ourselves, property rights were respected, stealing was unknown. If for instance; in a camp or on a march, a knapsack was placed against a tree or in a fence corner, it would be just as secure from marauders, as if locked in a closet at home. There was only one exception to this, to my knowledge, this was a few days after we had received our uniforms; there was a fellow who was totally unknown to us, had stolen the red cord from the hat of a comrade, and denied having it, when repeatedly requested to return it; he finally handed it over to the owner, saying that he had found it. We call that stealing where I came from, said the owner, who was a boy from the country. The thief was well punished getting two black eyes and a bloody nose. He made no friends and deserted before we left Baltimore.

## TWELVE MORE OF OUR BATTERY ARRIVE

We had been on the Island but a few days, when twelve more of our boys joined us, all but one of these had been in the fight with us, and had gotten thru with our Captain and several of our officers to Harpers Ferry; from these we learned what had been the fate of our Battery. How our gallant Captain, when all was confusion that Monday morning when the Confederate batteries opened upon us, had rallied the scattered and confused men and made a second dash thru the Confederate lines, after our cavalry had cut their way thru, how he had reached Harpers Ferry with but fifty-six of his brave command, many more coming in later. One squad with one of the officers came in by Hancock, Md. They were quartered on the top of Maryland Heights, waiting for arrangements to be made for transportation to Baltimore, where they were to reorganize and get new guns, which they did in a short time.

These boys were too anxious to get home however and left the command on their own responsibility, and were captured on the train at Point of Rocks, on the B.&O.R.R. They were hastened across the country thru Loudon county, had to ford a river that night, the depth of which was over their heads. Imagine a poor boy who could not swim, holding on to the stirrup of a Rebel Cavalryman, who held him by the hair for fear he might get away. They also informed us of two others who were slightly injured during the bombardment of the Star Fort. One had his face scorched by the burning fuse of a passing shell; he rode his horse about sixty miles, forded the Potomac when his faithful horse died and the other knocked senseless by a shell passing near his head but did not touch him, he soon recovered and took his position at the gun and staid

there until the Confederate charge had been repelled, with grape and canister. The other one of the twelve had not been in the fight at all; he had been to Baltimore on a furlough, and had arrived at Harpers Ferry on his way back to the battery, and finding things as they were, decided to extend his furlough until a more favorable time.

Of course we were all glad to see them and get the news, but it was hard on the boys, to be captured after having cut their way thru the lines of the enemy making such a lucky escape.

We took in these new arrivals and found shelter for them in our already crowded quarters, otherwise they would have been without protection of any kind, and it was good for them we did, for that night it began to rain, and continued until the middle of the afternoon of the next day.

The Monday after the first Sunday mentioned, we again got nothing to eat until noon when we received the usual allowance of beans but no bread, until late in the evening, we received four crackers. I mention these details about eating, because they were of such importance, and things began to look so serious that I made these memoranda in my diary.

One day we received rice instead of bean soup, but it had been cooked with tainted meat, and I was afraid to eat it.

#### A SAD FOURTH OF JULY

The fourth of July came but there no manifestation of any kind in the City, part of which could be seen from our prison; and we were again lined up to be counted, and it was announced that there were three thousand seven hun-

dred and six prisoners on the Island, and we began to believe that there was a prospect of exchange or removal. We did expect to see some display of fire works at night, but all was gloomy and sad.

How different to the former National holidays we had experienced, it made us all feel sad and gloomy so we wiled away the time in singing patriotic songs to keep up our spirits. The Confederates had reason to be down cast; for they must have heard the sad tidings of General Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, with its long list of dead and wounded, as well as the surrender of Vicksburg to General Grant.

A few days later we did hear that a battle had been fought at a place called Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, and that Gen. Hancock had been wounded, and that Gen. Sickles had lost a leg, but this was all we could learn from them of this great battle. They also told us that a great many more prisoners were expected, and that in all probability we would be removed to some other place to make room for them, or perhaps that we might be exchanged. This was either good or bad news which was it to be, an exchange or a trip to the prison pens of Andersonville, or Lynchburg?

#### LEAVING BELLE ISLAND. A SECOND VISIT TO LIBBY

The second Sunday was exceedingly warm, and the Confederate officer in charge, was induced to allow small detachments about ten of us at a time to be escorted outside the dead line to the river for a bath; soap of course was out of question, but sand was plentiful, so we had a good rubbing down with sand and mud. We washed our clothes in a similar manner, and thus getting rid of some of our tormenters, for a time at least. They made us come in before our clothes were dry, but that made no

difference, we stood around in the sun until they were; we were hurried in so that the next ten could have their bath, and so it kept on all day.

We again had our little religious service, as I thought by ourselves, but during the reading of the Bible, I happened to look up and found that we had quite an interested audience.

On Monday morning one thousand of the prisoners including thirty six of our battery were ordered in line to be marched back to Libby prison, but we were still in doubt as to our ultimate disposal. While standing in the ranks outside of the dead line my friend again collapsed, he was afflicted with diarrhœa, they were going to take him back to the hospital, and he would be left as I felt to die; I happened to think of some cholera medicine I had in a small vial that I carried with me nearly a year for just such an emergency. A small dose of this with water revived him, and he was able to march with us when we were ordered to move. We were caught in a drenching rain before we arrived at Libby Prison, the water dripping from our clothes. We were put on the third floor this time.

Conditions were different than when we were there a few weeks before, and all my favorable impressions, made on that occasion were dispelled. Imagine at least a thousand wet and steaming men crowded into a large room, with a low ceiling on a sultry day, the whole floor was one puddle of water, and the stench was nauseating. I tried to get a place near a window, but was warned that it was dangerous; that a prisoner had been shot while lying there on the floor but a short time before.

This event created quite a fervor in the Northern

papers. A rebel guard had deliberately shot and killed an inoffensive Union prisoner. In defence I will give their side of the story, which I believe is the truth. The prisoners had strict orders not to crowd around the windows, so as not to shut off the much needed air; this order was disregarded by some of the prisoners on the floor below; the guard had repeatedly asked them to step back, which they would not do, but actually jeered the guard. Under this provocation the guard felt himself justified in obeying his orders to shoot the men at the window; they were not injured, but an innocent person on the floor above was killed. I reasoned on the assertion that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and took my position on the floor by the window.

The most horrid and filthy conditions prevailed at the other end of the room. A frame structure had been built against the rear end of the building to be used as a toilet; it was about eight feet square and entirely inadequate for the number of men that were to use it, and as many of them like my friend, were suffering from intestinal troubles, it is easy to imagine the conditions prevailing, especially as the floor above equally crowded, was not waterproof; it soon got so that the whole rear end of the room was one mass of filth. Fortunately we spent only one night there.

## CHAPTER XV

### GIVING OUR PAROLE AND LEAVING LIBBY

THEY had grouped the prisoners according to the states from which they hailed, beginning with Virginia, then Maryland, and so on. At ten o'clock at night, the prisoners from the different States were ordered to fall in line.

There was no light in this large room full of men save the one candle held by an orderly sargeant, while the officer read our names from a book and then asked us to raise our right hand and affirm as follows; "Each of us do hereby individually give our parole of honor as a soldier, that we will not take up arms against the Confederate States of America, until regularly exchanged according to the Cartel entered into by the Confederate States and the United States Of America, on such and such a date. We were now paroled prisosers, and anxious to get away as soon as possible; we were to leave at two o'clock in the morning, but there was a delay on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rains, so we had to take the Richmond and Danville R.R. which took us about 102 miles from City Point, our destination which is only 30 miles from Richmond.

We boarded the cars at 3 o'clock that afternoon and were crowded as before into freight cars, we could only sit on the floor with our knees up to our chins, or stand which was not pleasant on the slow rickety train.

Which made frequent stops to take on wood for fuel, they used no coal and what was surprising, both fireman and engineer were negroes, probably slaves; we made the best of it however by alternating our positions from standing to squatting, and vice versa. We did not care,



as we were on our way home and to friends, and would soon be under protection of our dear old flag, The Stars and Stripes. During the night we had to change cars to a train which went in an almost opposite direction, at an acute angle; it seemed to be a sort of freight yard, we crossed numerous tracks to the other train.

I tried to get into several cars, but was told there was no room by the men crowded about the door, I finally got desperate, and squeezed in, in spite of their remonstrance. After I got in I found that there was plenty of room, and that it was only a selfish ruse of the few, to get more comfortable quarters. but in the meantime I had become separated from all my friends, and felt uneasy. When I heard someone calling to a comrade they called Coffee ( a nick name) and as I had known him for many years, I spoke to him and found that I was not an entire stranger in that crowd.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE FLAG OF TRUCE BOAT

#### AND THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER AGAIN

**I**N this second car there was plenty of room, and I soon stretched out and went sound asleep. I was wondering what had become of the boys who could not get into the cars, but as daylight dawned, I found that they were on top. We arrived at Petersburg at 11 o'clock the next morning, where we remained until 1 o'clock in the afternoon; nine miles from City Point. I could see none of our battery in all the crowd. In the car with me was a sick soldier who could not eat the crackers that were doled out to us. (Six crackers apiece.)

The train made frequent stops to take on fuel, and at one of the stopping places there were some ripe blackberries growing along the road, and my sick fellow passenger said that he would give his crackers for a mess of them; he seemed to want them so badly that I got off and gathered a good hand full of them for him, and considered myself well paid in getting the crackers, though I would gladly given him the berries without the crackers. At Petersburg there was a colored woman with a tray on her head, crying Snacks! Snacks! fifty cents Snacks fifty cents. These snacks consisted of small pieces of chicken with slices of bread. She did not do a thriving business however, as the boys anticipated getting all they wanted to eat in a few hours. We reached City Point in the afternoon;

and long before the cars reached the boat, the boys on the top of the cars espied.

“Poised aloft in the air  
And at the mast head,  
White blue and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars  
That was a friendly hand,  
Stretched out from our dear Northland,  
As it caught the gleam of the days bright beam  
In full glory reflected, now shone on the stream  
T’was the Star spangled banner Oh, long may it wave  
O’er land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

And such hurraing, shouting and dancing I had never heard or seen before, but it came near being dangerous to us on the inside, the jumping on the roof of the car got it to bouncing, so that matters became serious, I thought the roof would come down at any moment. It was finally stopped by our guards, and we were saved from what might have been a serious accident. The boat with its large white flag of truce and the Star spangled banner was named the city of New York, was a large side wheel steamer, larger than any I had seen up to that time.

Words cannot express the feeling engendered on beholding old Glory again, after having been banished from it for some time, but to be exiled from it under conditions that we were, intensified the feeling. Many with tearful eyes did reverence and bowed their heads to it, and then gave vent to their feelings in one mighty yell and hurrah which continued for some time.

We were ordered into line as we got out of the cars, regardless as to what State or military organization we belonged, and in single file passed under the crossed bayonets of a Confederate and Union soldier; beside the

Union soldier stood a Confederate officer, and beside the Confederate soldier stood a Union officer. We were counted off and marched into the boat, here the sick were sent down into the commodious cabin on the lower deck, where clean cots were provided, and a corps of doctors and nurses administered to their wants: our little French boy with the scalp wound, was taken in charge by one of the nurses, and that was the last we saw of him.

I found my friend from whom I had been separated during the night in changing cars; he did not feel sick enough to go to the hospital, declaring that the medicine I had given him the day before had quite restored him. I was surprised however that only eleven of our boys were on the boat, the others were to follow the next day, which they did.

#### FEEDING HALF STARVED PRISONERS

The uppermost desire of all of us, was of course to get something to eat, those who were not obliged to go to the hospital, kept along the right side of the boat, those who had no tin cups, were provided with one by the U.S. Sanitary Commission (The Red Cross Society of that time) which was filled with good hot coffee, the first we had since we left Berryville, nearly a month before, and it can well be imagined how that was appreciated; in passing along the gang way we were given half a loaf of bread and a few steps farther, a liberal slice of boiled meat.

We were ordered to keep moving along to make room for the others who were following behind us, but many were so hungry, that they disobeyed these instructions and stood still and began to eat; those in charge kindly persuading them to keep on moving, telling them, they could fall

into line again and have a second supply if they so desired cigars, lemonade and cakes could be bought at reasonable prices; it was not long, before most of the boys were stretched over the decks of the boat, sound asleep; we were somewhat crowded, but there was no grumbling and growling as we had heard in the cars, while in the hands of our captors, During the night we made a stop at Fortress Monroe, but I was too sleepy to take any interest in the matter.

Early in the morning, while strolling about the boat, I noticed a nicely set table, with a variety of good things to eat, with which the soldiers could not expect to be provided, it was the officers mess: I sought the steward, and was informed that if I would wait until the officers had dined, he would make arrangements to furnish me and my sick comrade with a good breakfast for fifty cents; I woke my comrade and told him what I had done while he was asleep, he was delighted; as boiled salt pork was not exactly the proper diet for one in his condition. I kept my eye on the dining room where the officers were eating their breakfast, and in due course of time the steward gave me the wink, that he was ready for us, and we slipped in; the steward closed and bolted the door, and also pulled down the curtains, he said that he feared some other hungry soldiers would see us and that he would be besieged by a ravenous crew that he could not provide for, and there might be trouble; we felt that we were specially favored, and so we were.

This was also the first time we sat at and dined off of a clean covered table for many months, and it was a queer sensation that is difficult to describe. The breakfast started with berries and cream, my companion was afraid

to eat them so I had a double portion. What a change from a few days before on the island; if ever any one felt like giving thanks to God for a meal, it was us; we did not express them aloud but acted on the verse in Popes Universal Prayer.

“The blessings, that thy bounty gives,  
Let us not pass away,  
For God is paid when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.”

We did obey all right, and enjoyed the poached eggs on toast, after which came broiled mackeral; all of this served with the most delicious hot biscuit butter and fresh bread, coffee and cream. I do not know why, but I have never been able to get mackeral as good as the steward furnished us on the Flag of Truce boat. We reached Annapolis at 2 P.M. and immediately telegraphed to our dear ones at home, who had not heard from us since we left Berryville that Saturday morning June 13. It was now July 9, just twenty six days since we were taken prisoners.

This was not as long a time as compared with others, but it was full of hardships, experiences and sad events, that it seemed so many months, instead of days. After all it was a valuable experience in many ways, it taught us how little food a person could live on, and retain health, how one could endure long marches, get wet to the skin, sleep in the open air with wet clothes, and stay well, but above all, it taught me not to despise any food and say I cannot eat this or that, I learned that it was only a question of how hungry one is.



CHARLES L. MARBURG

My chum in the army, on his return from  
Belle Island and Libby Prison





## CHAPTER XVII

### CAMP PAROLE AND HOME

ON landing we were received by the commanding officer, who in a kind, and sympathetic speech informed us that there would be no guards to keep us in check, saying, that we had been under restraint long enough; warned us however, not to take advantage of the freedom and become disorderly. The Quartermaster would provide us with new clothes, and also a piece of much needed soap, with which we could go to the river and have a good bath, and leave our old clothes with their filth and their vermin on the beach where they would be taken in charge by the Sanitary Commission, who would use the proceeds for the benefit of the soldiers; afterward we could march out to camp, about a mile from the City, where tents food and accomodations would be provided, the freedom of the City was allowed us, that is we could go where we pleased, with no guard to worry us.

One can readily imagine how good we felt after coming out of the bath with our clean new clothes I retained my new officers jacket ( I have it yet) but left all the others on the beach, as directed. In the mean time those at home had given us up for dead, one of the City papers had so reported. How they felt on the receipt of the telegram, I will leave the reader to imagine.

The next morning brought some of our friends, among them my comrades father, who endeavored to get us a furlough for Baltimore, but failing in his effort he engaged a room for us at the City hotel for a week, until some sutituble arrangements could be made that would permit us to go home. In the mean time we paid a visit to camp Parole, but did not like it, the boys said that the

mosquitoes were terrible at night, and the flies were worse, if possible, in the day.

Now the next question was, how to get home, we wanted to get a furlough until regularly exchanged, but there were difficulties in the way. The officer in charge had no authority, nor would he take the responsibility of doing so, and referred us to General Schenk at Baltimore, who also for military reasons, had to decline. The Provost marshal at Baltimore, before whom we would be brought if arrested without pass or furlough, was an acquaintance of the family, and hinted that he would see no harm was done to us, if brought before him. So our only alternative was to get to Baltimore without any special or written permit. While waiting for some definite arrangement to be made for getting home, we decided to get something cheaper or less expensive than a hotel, so we engaged board at a private boarding house for a week at least, it turned out to be a cheap house indeed; we had not been in bed long before we realized that we were not the only occupants. We were not used to sleeping in beds any way so we left the beds to the bugs, who seemed to claim a prior right, and made our bed on the floor where we did get a little rest.

#### KEEPING A DIARY AGAIN DOES SOME GOOD

On July 15, the rest of our boys came up on the boat, excepting one poor fellow who was left sick at Petersburg with typhoid fever, I never expected to see him again, and made a memoranda to that effect in my diary. He did get back however, and rejoined the battery for a while, but the fever left him in a wretched condition, he served the balance of his time with the invalid corps.

Several years later, he, not being able to work, made application for a pension, but could not get the required necessary evidence. Had he been sick in one of our hospitals there would have been no trouble but as it was, no one knew, nor could he find any one who could tell of his being sick while in the hands of the enemy; his case was rejected repeatedly, and dragged along for several years, when he met me and related his troubles. I remembered the record I had made in my diary, and I told him of it.

His case was reopened, and he not only got his pension, but all of his back pension, amounting to several thousand dollars, with which he started a small business which gave him a living for the rest of his days. So again I had the satisfaction of knowing that keeping a diary had done some good to others, if not to myself.

#### HOME AT LAST.

All this time we were in great anxiety about getting home. All efforts having failed to get a furlough, a younger brother of my comrade came to Annapolis with citizens clothes with which we were to get away. We decided not to go together this time, therefore on July 20 I took the early morning train and arrived home, my comrade came by steamer the next day. I need not dwell on the joy, the happiness of our parents, and how we were lionised and feted. There was one who was not here to greet us, viz, the next younger brother of my friend. When he thought that his elder brother had been killed, he enlisted in an infantry regiment to take the place of his fallen brother, and was then at Harper's Ferry. I mention this to illustrate the intense earnestness and patriotism of the loyal people of Maryland.

The most pleasing news that we heard when we got within the Union lines, was that the great effort of the Confederates had failed, and that they did not get to Philadelphia and New York and take in Baltimore on their way back to Washington, as they pretended and as they tried to lead the Union prisoners to believe, but it was more serious than we thought it was. The great battle of Gettysburg, after the full history of it had been written after the war, was fought with many instances which might have turned the tide of battle the other way; after all we had very little of which to boast.

We had not defeated them in open battle, we had only most desperately defended ourselves from their terrible onslaughts, and were heartily relieved when they withdrew, and left us staggering under the heavy blows and the horror of the bloodshed we had experienced. Our commanders were afraid to follow up the Confederate and strike the decisive blow, which would have greatly crippled them, if not ended the war; it appears as though the federals were glad they had gone back over the Potomac and left them unmolested. Not like the great Napoleon would have done, when an officer came to him one time and brought the news that one of his Generals had won a great victory, "very well said Napoleon; but what did he do the next day." Not until the Federal government realized the seriousness of the situation, and such Generals as Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman were developed; men who were not afraid to take the initiative and follow up a battle to the bitter end, no matter what the cost, and profit by the fruits of victory, and keep pounding at the enemy until they were worn out by attrition, and could fight no longer, did the war end.

So that this nation received new birth of freedom, and put on such a basis that it could proudly raise its head among the nations of the earth, and become a world power.

When we came back to Baltimore, we found our battery reorganized, with new cannon and horses, also a number of new recruits, and ready for service. They were encamped on what is now North Avenue, between Greenmount Avenue and St. Paul Street; on ground now occupied by the Polytechnic Institute. It was favorably located, with a good spring of water at the western end of the camp. The horses were watered in Jones Falls, at Charles Street. We of course were out of the game for some time, awaiting to be regularly exchanged. We made a second trip during the summer. On the 12 of August there was a notice in the city news papers, ordering all paroled prisoners back to Camp Parole at Annapolis. We boarded the first steamer the next day, hoping or rather surmising that there was to be an exchange, but there was not, nor did any one know of any thing going to be done. We reported at the camp and found it very undesirable, and also found a worst pest than we had yet encountered as soldiers, namely Fleas! with a capital F— of all the pests they were the most annoying.

The next day we donned our citizens clothes which we had brought with us for such an emergency, and again took the steamer for home; as prearranged, we separated, in case one of us should be detected by the guards who searched every steamer for deserters, before it was allowed to leave the wharf. It was good for me at least, that we did so, for after we were under way, I sought my comrade, but he was not on the boat, the guard had seen his army

pants protruding from his citizens clothes and arrested him with several others and lodged them in the city lock up. The next day however to my surprise and joy he came home all right, having torn up the floor and crawled through the celler window; he with another one of our boys, walked to Baltimore during the night. I did not know at that time, why the authorities were not more strict in regards to keeping the paroled prisoners in camp, later on however, I heard it insinuated that the officers in charge kept on drawing money for the full amount of prisoners whether they were in camp or not.

We were fortunate in getting away from Belle Island when we did, as the following extract from the Baltimore American dated August 22, 1863, will show. "Annapolis August 21, 1863. The flag of truce boat New York has just arrived here from City Point with 310 paroled men, and a more wretched and miserable set of human beings you never saw.

Among them are about forty so frightfully emaciated from starvation and ill treatment, that they have been admitted to the hospital for medical treatment. There are now at the Belle Island prison, near Richmond, over four thousand of our men occupying a space of about two acres of land, most of them exposed to the weather without any shelter whatever to shield them from the scorching sun, or the pelting rains, and allowed scarcely food enough to sustain life, and what little they do get is of the most miserable kind, and their treatment by the Rebels, is more and more cruel from day to day. One man was shot dead and two others wounded by a Rebel sentinel, because when ordered to rise from where they were resting, failed to do so promptly." (This may have been a similar case to the

one that came near being the death of one of our boys mentioned in a previous chapter.

It is cheering to see the interest manifested by the surgeon in charge, and it would do your heart good to see the countenances of the poor fellows light up with joy and thankfulness, to know that they had reached a spot where there was some sympathy felt for them, and where they would be treated as human beings. I wish here to remark that the guards over the prisoners were mostly boys and favored sons who had seen no active service in the field, or they would have been more sympathetic, like the men who guarded us on the way to Richmond, who were willing and often did share their rations with the prisoners. They were soldiers, and the guards at Richmond were not.

This was one of the last if not the last lot of prisoners that came to Annapolis, for which our Government was to some extent to blame, because the Confederates offered terms of exchange that were unfair to us or at least gave them an unjust advantage. They endeavored to force the United States to submit to their terms by further ill treatment of all their prisoners, and would have done worse, if it had not been for the fact that we had more of their men than they had of ours, and could have retaliated, which thanks to humanity we did not do. General Grant's argument was, that every Confederate soldier we returned, we would have to fight again, and it would only prolong the war. They had every available man, yes boys also who were large enough to carry a gun in the field, and every man removed from their army was a dead loss and could not be replaced; whereas we had the world to draw from, as I will illustrate later on. This ill-treatment of prisoners was one of the darkest blots of the war; sixty thousand

are said to have died in Southern prisons; but this was WAR.

We were never regularly exchanged, and it is a question whether we could have been compelled to go back into service, and what the Confederates could have done to us for violating our parole. All honor to our boys however, be it said, that not a single one took advantage of the situation, not one tenth of our boys staid in camp parole; all who could do so went home until called back into service by a notice in the papers to report to camp for duty. So on Oct 5, we were back in camp at our regular duties, with the exception of two who had died from sickness engendered while in the hands of the enemy.

Our return was called a retaliatory exchange, brought about as follows: General Grant after capturing Vicksburg, Miss. had paroled a great number of Confederate prisoners which he again found in the army fighting without being regularly exchanged. So we were justified in putting an equal number back in service. After which for reasons above stated, there were no more prisoners exchanged or paroled. I, for my part made up my mind, that I would never again be taken prisoner alive.

Each new camp we occupied was designated by a name at first, but later on were they numbered, this camp, located where the Polytechnic Institute is now situated, was called No. 20.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### WINTER QUARTERS. A SHORT WINTER CAMPAIGN

**W**INTER was now approaching, and we commenced to prepare for cold weather, lumber was brought and stables were built for our horses, this gave us the assurance that we would go into winter quarters in Baltimore. This suited us very well, four or five of us clubbed together and bought the lumber, with which we built quite a comfortable cabin with a stove in it, we also bought a bracket coal oil lamp, which was an improvement on the candles which the Government furnished; and many an idle hour was passed reading standard literary works, both in English and German. Drilling was kept up as long as the weather permitted. Our officers were very liberal with passes to leave camp, nor was there any severe punishment inflicted upon those who were caught leaving camp without a pass. We had roll call at 8 P.M., after which over half of us would slip off to town, but would always be back for roll call at 6 o'clock the next morning. Things were thus moving along very pleasantly, when suddenly on this first of February, we received marching orders.

The next morning we were up at 5 o'clock, arrived at Mt. Clare depot by 8 o'clock, but did not get away until noon, and reached Sandy Hook at 10 P.M. being ten hours on the way. We traveled in freight cars, and it was bitter cold. Here we found the 3rd Maryland Regiment, which was doing guard along the railroad, had provided hot coffee for us, which was highly appreciated; we learned that this was a part of their duties, as they were provided with huge caldrons, and were otherwise prepared to

feed the many soldiers which were constantly passing up and down this road. We arrived at Harper's Ferry by 9 o'clock the next morning, and took up our march on the same pike that we had taken the year before, and halted at Halltown in a field of clover, that is, it had been a clover field which had not been harvested, in this we were fortunate, for the clover hay furnished a good bedding for our tents, otherwise we would have had to lie on the cold ground. We now had what was called the "A" tent, with just room enough for five men to lie down, but too low to stand up in. The first night we suffered from cold, so the next day we heated some large boulders and rolled them into our tent and put them at our feet, and then we were as snug as a bug in a rug.

There was a pond near by, but as it was covered with about two inches of ice, we had to break it in order to dip up the water in our cups to wash our faces, which was done by having another pour the water into our hands; this was all right until I went to comb my hair, when I found it frozen, so that I had to thaw it at the fire, before I could comb it.

While at this camp our old friends, the first New York Cavalry made a halt for a short time on their way down the valley, their old campaigning ground, and during this short stop they had much to relate as to their experiences during the Battle of Winchester, and after. One man in particular, was specially anxious to see me in order to express his thanks for having given him a canteen of water. I had forgotten the incident, which was as follows. After the attack on us on our way into the trap at Winchester the summer previous, he was lying on the ground, and the surgeon was bandaging his foot; he had a small caliber bullet in his instep and the doctor wanted

water for the patient, and I had just filled my canteen at the well of the house where one of our guns had been stationed during the scrimmage, and as the battery was moving on I left the full canteen with him, and took his empty one in the place of it. He could not forget the kindness. He said that he had never wanted water so bad in his life, before that time, or since.

Halltown is about three miles beyond Harpers Ferry. Our camp was near the pike leading down the Shenandoah Valley. The horses were picketed in a hollow where they were some what sheltered from the bleak winds, with no other protection than a blanket that was strapped over them at night. Fortunately there was no snow or rain, but the wind had a clean sweep of the camp, and it was quite cold at times. We had frequent drills which warmed up both men and horses. Our tents were so small that we had to lie spoon fashion, and all turn over at once at a given command.

Standing around the camp fire on a windy day was not very pleasant, for no matter on which side of the fire you would stand, the smoke would follow you, in consequence of which, we all had blood shot eyes and smoky faces.

We would soon have made ourselves more comfortable, but as we only expected to remain for a few days, we made the best of it. Cooking under these conditions, with a north west wind blowing was not pleasant, but gave us something to do to pass the time away and be around the fire. We received fresh meat and fresh bread every other day, but as a great treat, we had an abundance of beef liver, and this fried with salt pork was quite a treat. Liver was not furnished to the soldiers by the contractor as all the cuts to be furnished were specified in the contract,

and liver was not mentioned; it was a drug on the butcher's hands, and would therefore sell us a whole beef liver for 25 cents.

While in this camp, one half of our term of enlistment of three years had expired, and many soldiers were re-enlisting, not so much from patriotic motives, as on account of the large bounty offered. In our case with State, City, and Government bounty, it amounted to about \$950.00, quite an inducement, so more than half of our battery expressed a willingness to re-enlist.

We had been called up here on account of a raid that threatened to be of a serious nature, but was not carried out by the enemy.

There was a fear that Baltimore was threatened by the Confederate Independent Cavalry, led by Harry Gilmore, by way of Towson who was from that neighborhood. On the 15th of February we marched down the hill to Harpers Ferry, where we again took the cars to Baltimore, arriving there at 6 o'clock the next morning in a blinding snow storm which had already covered the ground several inches deep. We unloaded at Mount Clare station, and were back in our snug winter quarters by noon, and again taking our station, as part of the northwestern defence of Baltimore, where we were kept busy with daily drilling and exercising both men and horses.

#### THE BATTLE AT MONACACY JUNCTION.

On July 3, we received orders to be ready to march at a moments notice, provided with three days rations. Here ended the good time we had so near home, where we could go three or four times a week, and get a square meal, have a good bath and change clothes, go to the theatre and other amusements.

On the fourth of July we were all confined to camp awaiting orders, from where we could see the sky-rockets and other fireworks at night. This sight awakened thoughts of the previous fourth of July at Belle Island Prison. We broke camp and marched to the depot at 9.30 P.M. The train pulled out at one o'clock in the morning of July 6th., we landed at Monocacy Station and encamped near the same place which we occupied nearly two years before. Here we soon saw that there was something going on, vast clouds of dust over the woods in the distance gave token of an army moving, whether it was some of our own troops or that of the enemy we did not know. We were on the alert all day, our cavalry was moving hither and thither, skirmishers were thrown out beyond our sight our battery was kept in harness ready to take any position which might be assigned to us. Night came on and we heard no shooting, and wondered what it all meant. Early the next morning two of our guns were ordered to Frederick four miles away, two were sent some distance to the right, occupying a knoll near the 11th., Maryland Infantry, and two remained in camp waiting orders.

About noon we heard the two guns which had been sent to Frederick booming in the distance, when one more gun was sent to Frederick, together with the caissons belonging to the guns which had been sent there early in the morning. The balance of the battery remaining to hold this important position, where the road from Frederick divides, one leading to Washington and the other to Baltimore. This was the strategic position, the key as it were, to Washington or Baltimore. Early on Friday morning July 8th. the balance of the battery

was ordered to Frederick, where we learned that they had quite a severe brush with the enemy, doing considerable execution at Middletown, a few miles beyond Frederick.

A few years after the war the Confederate Gen. Jos. E. Johnson, of Maryland, in speaking of this fight, mentioned that there he had seen the most destructive effect of one shot, that he had ever experienced during the whole war. He said that just as a company of infantry was coming out of the woods to form in line, one of our shells was so accurately aimed, and well timed, that it exploded within a few yards of them, and eighteen men dropped to the ground ten of whom were killed outright and eight severely wounded, besides a number of horses. That none of our boys had been even wounded, was considered a marvel. These guns were manned by the boys from Havre de Grace, expert duck hunters which gave them that calm, yet quick and accurate sight, without getting excited, characteristics which are so essential to a good artillery man. All day we manoeuvred about, showing ourselves at one point, and then dashing through the city, showing up at the other end.

At one time we ventured out near Middletown, where the boys had the fight the day before, there we saw long trenches where the dead had been hastily buried; A curious sight was that of a dead horse that had been shot through the abdomen by one of our shells, the rotary motion of the shot, had caught in the entrails of the horse, dragged them through the wound, and stretched them out some twenty feet on the ground.

During the afternoon we were re-enforced by a part of the 6th. Army Corps, but the enemy did not show up, they had something else in view. They had left

Frederick and were concentrating at Monocacy Junction, where they could strike at either Washington or Baltimore. Which was it to be? Baltimore was unprotected, as all available troops had been withdrawn and were with us at Frederick. Ours was the only battery in command. After dark, (at 9.00 p.m., to be more correct,) we quietly left Frederick by way of Baltimore pike, giving the impression that we were going to Baltimore, then turned off some by-road which, at places was so narrow that we could hardly get through. No lights were to be shown, and all was to be done as quietly as possible. At one place there was a steep hill on the left, and a ravine on the right, how deep we did not know; keep well to left, was the order passed along the line, at one time one of the wheels got caught in a sapling, we could not back out nor turn, so we cut down the tree; to add to this, it commenced to rain.

We also discovered that we had missed the road and landed in a farm yard, we had to unlimber the guns, and turn them around by hand, and then hook up the horses again in order to march back to the right road with the same steep hill to the left and the ravine to right. We had gone but a short distance on this road when one of the caissons with six horses and three riders, and a few sleepy men sitting on the chests, rolled down the hill, how deep, we did not know.

In spite of all orders to the contrary, we had to have lights; lanterns were put into requisition, and revealed that the chest had rolled over but once, the wheel horses lying on their backs with their feet in the air, but worst of all, the driver was under them; he was soon extricated, making a narrow escape from being kicked in the face by the

struggling horses, fortunately, the ground being soft no bones were broken.

It was not long before the horses were on their feet, the caisson righted and pulled up on the road, ready for the march. No horse was injured. One other driver had his thumb dislocated by having the reins wrapped around his hand, as his horses rolled down the hill. It did seem like an act of Providence, that there was no greater damage done, for it certainly looked like a hopeless jumble of men, horses and wheels in the darkness and rain, as seen by the light of a few lanterns.

The comrade who was under the horses, was in the fight which followed the next day (which I will describe later) but the day after the battle his eyes were all blood shot, and he was losing his sight from the squeezing which he had received. He went to the hospital, and in about two weeks, he was back with us as well as ever. He went thru the war with us, and was honorably discharged, went to his home in Anne Arundle County, Md., and a short time later, fell off a cherry tree and broke his neck. It does seem strange, that after all the vicissitudes of war, the many narrow escapes from death, that he should meet such fate. Another fact worthy and interesting to relate is, that he had a brother in the Southern Army, and in the battle of Winchester, the Confederate battery of Baltimore Light Brtillery of which this brother was a member, was the opponent of the Union Baltimore Light Artillery. This was one of the many incidents of brother against brother. The meanest of all wars, is a Civil War.



## CHAPTER XIX

**A**FTER this strenuous night's march we found ourselves at Monocacy Junction, on the same ground which we had left the morning before. Day was just dawning when we arrived, the horses were fed standing in harness, we cooked coffee and had our regular soldier's breakfast of boiled salt pork, hard tack, and coffee which tasted good after a night's march. We lay on the ground where we were halted, by the guns, and had a few hours sleep.

No enemy was in sight, we were aroused shortly and took our positions ready to move, when General Wallace and his staff appeared and our attention was called to clouds of dust hovering over the tree tops about a mile away. Between us and the distant woods there was a farm house, out of which some women and a man had come, greatly excited, the women, throwing up their arms and running hither and thither in frantic alarm. I learned later that it was the family of C. Keefer Thomas and the family of Mr. Gambrill. They had taken refuge in the cellar, and though the house was much battered during the fight, and the barn burned, no one was injured.

At 9 o'clock the guns were placed in various positions to meet the advancing enemy. The gun that I was with, was placed on the right of the line, which was on the right of the railroad, on a knoll where we defended the railroad as well as the turnpike bridge.

Three guns were placed near the pike leading to Washington and Baltimore. The other two were placed on the left of the line, to cover the flank. It was 10 o'clock when the enemy came in sight, and it was but a

few seconds when we received notice of their presence by three shots flying over our heads, to which we promptly replied with our single gun. We could not see their guns, as they were masked behind some bushes, and for every shot fired we received two in return; we were having it hot and heavy, while the other guns in the center and left, were waiting for further developements. The skirmishers were scattered in a thin line and slowly advancing towards the enemy, with the heavier lines of Infantry near the guns. All this time it was give and take with us, that is, give one and take two; fortunately for us the enemy were not good marksmen, and their shell went screeching far over our heads, doing more damage to troops that were manoeuvring in our rear, than to us right in front. One shell which had passed us, burst in the valley beyond, where some Cavalry were marching by, killing or wounding three of them, at least I saw three riderless horses plunging and rearing; and the line in confusion. Now came a new experience, bullets began to whistle dangerously near us, one Infantry soldier, not ten feet from where I was standing, was shot in the arm, another one ran down the hill to our rear as fast as he could, and then dropped into a heap. I saw him later, with a small speck of blood on his forehead, and his nose bleeding. Poor fellow! No, Happy fellow! His death was instantaneous he did not know what struck him. All this time we did not know where the bullets were coming from; this creates an uneasy feeling, for there is some satisfaction in seeing the fellow who is shooting at you, and you have the satisfaction of shooting back. This reminds me of a soldier who was promoted for bravery in holding his position while the rest of his command fell back, and on their re-

turning with re-enforced numbers, found him loading and firing away from behind a log at a Johnnie up in a tree.

He was promoted and received his medal for bravery, but he acknowledged that it was not bravery at all, but that he was afraid to get up from behind that log until he had silenced that Johnnie up in the tree, for he surely would have been killed, had he gotten up on his feet. Our trouble was, that we could not locate our enemies for some time, until one of our officers noticed small puffs of smoke from under the shingles of a barn, half mile or more away; that barn was filled with sharpshooters, so we directed our attention to them, the second shot burst inside of the barn, and so did the third, and the fourth; the barn was soon on fire, and we had the satisfaction of seeing some of them being carried away on a litter, and put in an ambulance.

A week later we passed by the ruins of that barn, and counted six head boards stuck in the ground along the edge of a long trench, with name and regiment marked on them. By this time the enemy was getting a better range on us, and were firing lower, one shell mowed a swath through the weed close to us, one burst over us and here is where I received a shock! I was wounded, at least I thought so, for I felt a sting on my right hip, I had heard it said, that when you are wounded, you only feel a slight sting, at first I tried my leg, and it worked all right and I was sure that there was no bone shattered, then I put my hand down on my side and felt no hole or wound and then I began to think, that I must have imagined that I felt a sting, when I did feel something, and it proved to be a small splinter from the cannon wheel that had gone through my haversack and just scratched my skin. I then thought of the last words my sister said to me, when I bid

her Good Bye a few nights before on my way to the depot; after bidding me Good Bye she said "Don't get shot in the back," (I wonder if she still remembers it?) Well, I was not shot in the back any way; but the battle was not over yet, and no one knows what may happen.

The enemy's firing became so dangerously accurate, our officers deemed it advisable to cease firing and lead the enemy to believe that their last shot had knocked us out, and they having no shot to waste, left us alone, as soon as we did not reply. Just then an order came from the commander not to waste a single shot, as our ammunition was giving out, and only shoot when we had something definite to shoot at. This gave us a breathing spell and an opportunity to see what was going on in the center of our line to our left. They had been having it hot and heavy, they had repelled two charges. Now we could see the enemy getting ready for another assault. Will they succeed and capture those three guns? The other two to our left we could not see, perhaps they were already gone. On they came, we could see the grape or cannister moving swaths in their ranks, and throwing up dust in front of them but they kept coming on. The guns were enveloped in smoke and we could see no more, then there was silence, and the smoke cleared away, and then, Oh! Glory! our guns were still there, and the enemy retiring out of range, and the field covered with dead and wounded. In the mean time, the enemy at our front came out boldly, two of the three cannon which had confronted us in the morning, were paying their respects to our boys on the left; we could easily have given them a few good shots, but for some reason it was, not done, and it was well, because the other five guns had used all their ammunition, or nearly so,

and we had used nearly two thirds of ours. Our Infantry kept firing away at them, but they did not seem to mind it at all, they marched by as if in review, towards the left or the center of our line.

One of them would occasionally step out of the line, rest his gun on the fence, and fire as if there was no one shooting at him at all. A sergeant relates an incident that is worth recording; when the Rebels were advancing for their third assault, he saw a Confederate soldier kneeling not thirty yards from his gun, deliberately loading his musket, with which he appeared to have some difficulty with which he was so absorbed that he did not notice what was going on; the sergeant yelled at him to get out of the way or he would be blown to atoms, but he did not seem to hear, so he ran out and grabbed him by the arm, took his gun and marched him back as a prisoner, he appeared to be thoroughly bewildered. The sergeant saved his life, he said "it looked like murder to have shot him down." Now came an order to go to the relief of the guns in the center of the field. Here I met a horrible sight in passing by the improvised field hospital, it is well enough to go into a hospital of wounded soldiers. When they are all washed and on clean beds, and neatly bandaged, but when one sees them all begrimed with blood, and black with dust and powder smoke it is quite a different sight, and when you see an assistant surgeon raise a piece of canvas to add one more to the bloody pile of amputated hands, feet, legs and arms, it gives one the horrors. A small stream which we crossed was red with human blood. A Southern officer making his report about this battle, mentions this fact; this stream being in a ravine, was protected from shot and shell, and the wounded were placed along it to bathe their wounds until

the surgeons could attend to them. I realized that we, at the right of the line, had experienced but a small part of the battle, I had not much time either to look or to reflect, as my gun was hurrying up the hill to get into action.

When half way up the hill Gen. Lew. Wallace called to me as I was hurrying by with the sponge bucket which was given me to fill as we crossed the stream, and told me to put the bucket down, take an orderly's horse that was standing by, and tell our Lieutenant in command to halt until his men came up, otherwise he would find himself with a gun on the field and no cannoneers to load and fire it. There were only three men seated on the limber chest, but the rest of us could not possibly keep up with the gun with the horses on a gallop, nor could they have used the gun without the water in the sponge bucket, as the gun had to be swabbed out with a sponge after every shot, otherwise there was danger of a sharp remaining in the gun and igniting the power as it was being rammed home, causing a premature discharge, which would tear the arms off of the man who was ramming in the charge.

Many such accidents occurred during the war. Our gun halted and the men came up panting and the orderly of Gen. Wallaces staff, came after his horse, carrying the sponge bucket and we marched at double quick, but not so fast as before; on arriving what was to be our position, we found that the enemy had departed so had the rest of our guns. They were endeavoring to surround us, cut off our retreat, and capture the guns which they could easily do for they were thirty thousand to our eight thousand, with fifteen cannon to our six. We did not realize what danger we were in.

All the time that they were showing such a bold front

exposing themselves to be shot at, that astonished many of the officers of the Sixth Corps who had fought them from the Wilderness to Petersburg, they paid dearly for their bravery but it was for a great stake. It was Washington or Baltimore for them. We hurried back the way we had come, passing along at the foot of the hill we had left but a short time before, and I could never understand how the Rebels got on that hill in so short a time.

They had to cross the river, and the bridge was burned during the fight, but they got there and were shelling us with twelve pounders. It was a narrow road with a small stream on one side, and woods on the other, fortunately they again fired too high, the shells went over our heads and burst with terrific noise into the woods, cutting off limbs and branches and the fragments humming at a fearful rate.

There was every incentive to hurry to get out of that hell, for they might change their elevation and fire low enough to do us harm, but the order was passed along the line to walk, this was trying on the nerves, but we had to do it; so we marched along just as sullenly as they had a few hours before, when we were firing at them.

This was good military tactics, for had the men or horses been the least excited, or some accident happened to the horses and the road been blocked, we would have been at their mercy.

So we crept along until we reached the pike, and then we did go on a trot for a mile or two, until we had passed the point where the enemy had intended to cut us off. It was dark by the time we got to the pike. Our guns were now comparatively useless for want of ammunition, so we were sent ahead out of danger while the Infantry covered

our rear. We were not allowed to water our horses, who had been without water since the day before. After the immediate danger was over and we were marching more leisurly, we commenced to count noses. It was now 10 P.M., and I could get no information in regard to my chum who came along an hour later having been detained on account of the six caissons, of which, he being first corporal, had charge. Later on came another chum with an infantry musket, singing and going through the manual of shoulder arms, order arms, saying midst laughter, that he was a deserter from an infantry regiment, and told the following adventure. His gun having run out of ammunition, was kept in position more as a bluff, than for the good it could do. He thought that he would try his hand with a musket, and help out the infantry.

Nearby, was as he supposed, a dead soldier with a gun and cartridge box, but as he tried to unstrap the cartridge box, the soldier objected, he was not dead, but just exhausted, overcome by the heat, for it was terribly warm that ninth of July, but after a little coaxing he yielded and let him have the outfit, with a promise that he would return it, after he had had a few shots; but on attempting to load the gun, he found it so clogged that he could not ram the ball home, so he went to a stone wall nearby and got the ball down after a desperate jamming against the wall.

Not more than a hundred yards ahead he saw a dense line of Confederates passing by, here was a good shot not to be missed, so he blazed away, but just as he pulled the trigger the thought struck him that they might shoot back, so he dropped behind the wall just in time to avoid a shower of bullets that followed. On looking around he found the field vacated, the battery and all gone, the exhausted



soldier with the rest, so he could not give him back the gun but took to his heels as fast as he could run, to catch up with his battery that had vacated the field during the time he was fooling with the clogged musket, but was intercepted by the provost guard, whose duty it was to gather up stragglers from the battle field, and organize them in a sort of rear guard; they would not let him go and would not believe that he belonged to the artillery because he had a musket, but as soon as it became dark enough he gave them the slip, and finally caught up with us.

I have mentioned that ours was the only battery in the fight, but there were two other guns in a block-house down by the covered bridge one was a 12 lb. Howitzer, there was also a small portable brass piece, these were not provided with horses, but were mounted on a platform. While we were getting away from the center and left of the field, these guns were in danger of being captured, in fact they had been abandoned to their fate, when our captain suggested that we use the horses of our battery wagon and rather lose it, than a cannon, which the enemy might make good use of.

I will explain that the battery wagon is like a huge trunk on wheels, carrying tools for the wheelwright and harnessmaker together with such material as leather, wagon grease, paint etc. In front it has a chest, such as are attached to a cannon to carry ammunition, in fact it is an exact duplicate and can be used with a cannon as well as the battery wagon. So the huge trunk was unhooked and set on fire with its contents, and the limber chest was taken to the large Howitzer to pull it away, but the Rebels did not want this gun to get away if they could prevent it.

The horses were just approaching, when the wheel horse was shot. Had it been one of the leaders, they could have pulled it out with one of the other horses; but the wheel horse had to be replaced before they could move, a second was shot from under the driver the same as the first. The gun was too heavy for a few men to move; so a rope, with which every gun is provided for just such emergencies, was fastened to the piece and pulled out of reach of the Rebels bullets, and the gun taken off in safety. The smaller gun was dragged away and lifted into one of our wagons and was also saved, thanks to our captain, and the brave men who risked their lives in doing so. We were proud of the fact that we went into the fight with six cannon and came out with eight. Now the most incomprehensible thing of all this terrible battle in which there were more men killed in proportion to the number engaged, than in any battle of the whole war, was, that not a single man in our battery had even been wounded. We kept on our march all night, arriving at Ellicott's Mills at 4 A.M. Here our horses received their first drink of water for more than twenty four hours. When they saw the waters of the Patapsco they could hardly be restrained from plunging into the water, dragging the cannon with them. Some would not wait to have the harness removed, but jumped over the stone embankment, more than three feet above the water. Others were led a short distance below, and waded in up to their bodies and could not be restrained from drinking their fill, which cost some of them their lives. Here the poor, faithful beasts had their harness removed, and were washed, curried and fed, and many of them went to sleep as did many of the boys.

As for myself, I had been on guard Thursday night, manoeuvred all day Friday with the battery at Frederick, marched all that night, in the fight in the broiling sun all day Saturday, marched all day Saturday night until Sunday morning.

Here was a chance to take a bath, and refresh myself, which I did, but could get no sleep, as I had to attend to the horses of the boy who had gotten such a squeezing under his horses on that nights march. We stayed at Ellicott's until noon, then march to Baltimore, which we had left but four days before. How much can happen in four days? We found the City in the greatest excitement. Harry Gilmore with his Cavalry, taking advantage of the situation, raiding around the country taking horses and cattle and capturing Gen'l Franklin on a train going to Philadelphia.

Citizens and militia were under arms, one company of German Rifles, or Shuetzen Verein, among whom was my old school master Prof. Knapp. They were camped on the York road, what was then known as Frisby's Woods, now about Twenty Second St. All of our spare ammunition was transferred to one gun, and it was sent out the York Road to the Three Mile Hill, towards Towson, the rest of the battery went to the old camp on North Ave., but during the night, went to Fort Mc Henry, to replenish their ammunition chests. As soon as every thing was attended to in camp, I received permission to go to town, but was to be back before 10 P.M. Of course my parents and all were glad to see me, and to know I had come out of the battle, which they had heard of, all safe and sound; my companion Adam, brought the musket to which he had fallen heir, and left it at my home I still have it and keep it in

memory of him. One of the most noble and honorable young men, I have ever met. He went to his home in Ohio, after being mustered out of service, but has long since passed to his home beyond. We had a good supper and a bath and started back to camp, when half way out we sat down on a cellar door to rest for a few moments, but tired nature asserted itself, and we were soon sound asleep, when we awoke it was broad day light.

We had overstaid our time, and felt very uneasy about the consequences, or punishment which would follow, we went at a double quick in hopes of getting back to camp before the morning roll call. What was our surprise to find the camp vacated, and no one to tell us what had become of our Battery. Gen'l John R. Kenly had his headquarters in one of the fortifications in West Baltimore.

Thither we went to get the desired information, he was not sure but thought that our battery had gone to Ellicott's Mills by rail. We started for the depot, here we met a few other delinquents, taken the first passenger train out of the depot, we arrived before all of the guns were unloaded, and fortunately had not been missed. Here the new ammunition was more carefully packed and at 4 P. M. we started back to Baltimore, arriving there at 7 P. M., halting at what was then known as Rullmans Belevou Gardens, and camping near us was a part of the Sixth Corps that had come up from in front of Petersburg, among them many of the troops that were in Gen. Milroys command with us at Winchester the year before. The next day July 13th, we marched from there to the same camp at Druid Hill Park, going over the same route that twenty-two months before, we, as raw recruits, without uniforms, had marched to our first camp. But what a contrast, we

were now seasoned Veterans, with a heroic record to point to with pride. We had been called back because Baltimore was in danger. Gen. Early after having driven us away from the Junction, hesitated as to which road to take, Baltimore or Washington, so the Union forces were divided so as to meet him, though feebly at either point, or at least hold him in check until more help could be sent from Gen. Grant's army. We spent but one night at the old camp ground. We could well have sung, "We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground." It would have been very appropriate, but we had no tents, it was Summer time, and we had learned to do without them. Early had decided to march on to Washington, and came near entering, but as he was approaching, from the West, the re-enforcements so earnestly and prayerfully looked for, were approaching, marching out Seventh St. road now Georgia Ave. N.W. to meet him. He had hesitated one day too long; he was now confronted by nearly an equal number of tried Veterans from the Army of the Potomac, which caused him to retreat before disaster should overtake him. Baltimore was safe, and we were immediately ordered to Washington and formed the rear of the troops' that were following him.

## CHAPTER XX

### HISTORY

**I** NOW must digress from my personal experiences, and give a little history of this campaign, and explain how it all came about, and what it meant. The third bold and well planned invasion across the Potomac, which came so near being successful, and might have changed the whole aspect of the war, by England recognizing the Southern Confederacy as a nation, instead of being part of the U.S. in rebellion. England had long been anxious to find some reasonable excuse to do so. France and Germany would soon have followed. The fate of this nation was never so critical as it was on the day, we held the Confederates in check at Monocacy, until the troops could be sent to the rescue of Washington. I will quote Gen. Grant, in his memoirs:

“Meantime the valley was left open to Early’s troops, and Washington was also uncovered. Early took advantage of this condition and moved on Washington. Gen. Lew Wallace, with headquarters at Baltimore, commanded the department in which the Shenandoah Valley lay. His surplus troops, with which to move against the enemy was small in number.”

“Most of those were raw troops, and inferior to our veterans and the veterans which Early had with him; but the situation of Washington was precarious, and Wallace moved with commendable promptitude to meet the enemy at the Monocacy. He could hardly have expected to defeat him but he hoped to cripple and delay him until Washington could be put into a state of preparation for

his reception. I had previously ordered Gen. Meade to send a division to Baltimore for the purpose of adding to the defence of Washington, and he had sent Ricket's division of the Sixth Corps (Wrights) which arrived in Baltimore on the Eighth of July. Finding that Wallace had gone to the front with his command, Ricket's immediately took the cars, and followed him to the Monocacy with his entire division."

"They met the enemy and, as might be expected, were defeated; but they succeeded in stopping him for the day on which the battle took place. The next morning Early started on his march, to the capitol of the nation, arriving before it on the 11th. Learning of the gravity of the situation I had directed Gen. Meade to also order Wright with the rest of his corps direct to Washington for the relief of the place, the very day that Early arrived before it."

"Early made his reconnoissance with a view of attacking on the following morning, the 12th., but the next morning he found our intrenchments, which were very strong, fully manned. He at once commenced to retreat, Wright following. There is no telling how much this result was contributed to, by Gen. Wallace's leading what might be considered a forlorn hope. If Early had been out one day earlier he might have entered the capitol before the arrival of re-enforcements I had sent. Whether the delay caused by the battle amounted to a day or not, Gen. Wallace contributed on this occasion, by defeat of the troops under him a greater benefit to the cause, than falls to the lot of a commander of an equal force to render by means of a victory."

General Wallace in his report of this battle praised our battery most highly, and we as individuals, had the

satisfaction of knowing that no battery in either army could have done better.

As mentioned above, we fell in with the troops following Early. The Nineteenth Corps which had been doing duty in Louisiana, had also joined us under command of Major General Emory, to this corps we were attached, and became a part of it. We marched out Pennsylvania Ave., through Georgetown, halting some miles beyond Tenallytown at ten o'clock at night, in a field of oats, to the great satisfaction of our horses.

We had endured a most disagreeable march on account of the dust, the weather had been exceedingly dry, and the thousands of troops with their long wagon trains, had stirred up a dust that was blinding, eyebrows, whiskers and hair were so covered that many of the boys were not recognizable; and although I kept my mouth shut and breathed through my nose, my teeth were as gritty as though I had a mouthfull of dust, and what added to my discomfort was the fact that I had bought some butter from a countryman in the morning which I put in my tin cup in my haversack, not giving a thought to the fact that it might melt, which it had done in the hot sun, and the jolting it had gotten, riding horseback, it ran down my side leaking through my haversack, all over my pants, to which the dust had adhered, one can easily imagine what a sight I was; the only good or nutriment I got out of that butter was by absorption. When we halted there was no water or chance to bathe, we were glad to get a little out of our canteen to wash the dust out of our eyes, but I did the best that I could by stripping, and shaking the dust out of my clothes, and giving myself a good rubbing down with my towel, and when I was through



with it, it gave ample intimation of how dusty I really was. The next day we started on the march at daybreak, and an interesting march it was.

The Confederates had taken a short cut across country through fields of corn, over fields, where fortunately the wheat had been cut and gathered, through barnyards, regardless of roads or fences, which of course had been pulled down.

If an engineer had planned the straightest and shortest road from Washington to Snicker's Gap, across the Shenandoah, he could not have been more accurate. We were held back and annoyed a great deal by an immense wagon train which was over two miles long; this did not suit our Captain, so he took the aggressive, and made a new road by pulling down fences, crossing the field and passing around the obstruction. We halted for the rest of the day at Seneca Mills, at 4.30 P.M., by a fine stream of water, Seneca Creek I believe it was called. Here I had a good chance to wash my clothes and have a good bath, the sun still being sufficiently high to dry them.

Sunday July 17th, we were on the march at 6.30 in the morning all days were alike to us now. We crossed the Potomac below Edward's Ferry, and were once more in Virginia. We made a halt while an infantry regiment forded the stream, and a novel sight it was, at some places the water was above their hips, they had taken off their pants and kept on their drawers, carrying their knapsacks and guns over their heads to keep them dry, but many of them would slip and get a ducking, soaking their pants which they were so anxious to keep dry, this would bring a shout of laughter at their discomfort, and add much to the hilarity of the otherwise dreary and hard march; on the

other side of the river they halted, and divested themselves of their wet drawers and put on their pants, these wet drawers were piled up in stacks, each stack representing a company. How they afterwards got them, and how they were distributed among the men, I do not know. They had left a guard however with the stack and I suppose that they were afterwards picked up by their wagon. We stopped at Leesburg, at 2.00 P.M., and remained there all night in order to let the column pass by, for we were to take the rear of the line next day.

Those who were in the rear of the column next took the lead and so were changed about. This was a good arrangement, as it gave those who were in the lead one day a chance to rest, it was long after dark before the army had passed us, and it gave us a chance to see the parade, as it were. On the following morning we took up the march at 4.00 o'clock, in the rear of an army of more than thirty thousand men, with its two miles of wagon train.

This proved to be a very disagreeable and tiresome day for us, as thirty thousand men and horses drink a great deal of water, which we soon found out to our discomfort after the Sun was near meridian, pumps, wells, springs and cisterns were all dry. My canteen was dry as well as myself, and seeing a spring house a quarter of a mile beyond over a plowed field, suggested a cool drink and a canteen full of water; when I arrived there I found the spring all right, and at it sat three thirsty soldiers gathering the water in a spoon as it oozed from the ground.

I could not wait until my turn came, besides I had no spoon, so I hastened after the battery which had gotten over a good stretch of ground since I had left it; at another place I found a cistern with plenty of good water in sight

way down deep, but nothing with which to get it, this was tantalizing; at another place I found a well, but, "The old oaken bucket, The iron bound bucket, The moss covered bucket, which hung in the well," was missing. I suppose that the people, or perhaps soldier had carried it away, I did not get a drink of water until late that afternoon.

This marching in the rear caused many delays, and we simply had to wait until the column moved on; for instance, we marched from four to six o'clock, then halted from six to ten, marched from ten to twelve, halted until two P.M., rested thirty minutes and marched until eight o'clock, then halted in the road and watched and slept, and froze, the balance of the night, until four the next morning, when we took up the march for thirty minutes, and pulled into a field more tired than if we had marched all night, here at least we had a chance to rest and attend to our horses.

Above all, we had a chance to cook a good bean soup, the first we had had for a long time, and was enjoyed accordingly. Here we learned that our troops had caught up with Gen. Early, and had quite a brush with him as he was defending the ford for his main body to cross. Some of our troops had crossed and were driven back into the river.

The next morning we started on a dry, dusty and sultry march towards Snicker's Gap, when we were again halted for an indefinite period, during which time we were overtaken by a most welcome thunder storm accompanied by a heavy rain, which cleared the atmosphere, and made us all feel better, we had on our rubber blankets and did not get very wet; late in the afternoon, we marched back to the place we had left in the morning.

We had just spread our tarpauling over the guns, and

arranged to sleep under them, when we were ordered off, we packed up double quick, and found ourselves in the rear of a small army on its way back to Leesburg.

## CHAPTER XXI

### ATTACKED BY GUERILLAS

**D**URING the night march, as we were silently and sleepily marching along, we were startled by five or six shots in rapid succession in our rear, I saw three figures cross the road and disappear in the underbrush on the other side, it seemed to me that they were in their underclothes. We halted, and our escort of cavalry dashed back to where the shooting had taken place, but might as well have endeavored to find a needle in a hay stack as to capture the murderers, for such they were, having killed one teamster and wounding two other men. This was no uncommon occurrence during the war but was not countenanced by either side, for it was not war, but murder; still it would happen, as there were always vindictive and venomous Southerners, mostly stay at home, who were ignorant enough to believe that killing a Yankee, was helping their cause.

In the early days of the war, many were caught red handed, and sent to Washington to be tried, and if condemned to be hung, their friends would threaten to retaliate, by hanging one of their prisoners, so they were usually released, on taking the oath of allegiance, which they did not think a crime to violate. So later on, the soldiers, who were most interested, took the matter into their own hands, and took no prisoners, but shot them on the spot, this broke it up, to some extent at least.

One would suppose that under such conditions, sleep would be out of the question; I did not know that I was going to sleep until I bobbed forward, thinking that my

horse had stumbled, so I braced up, only to have the same repeated several times; then I said to myself, this will not do, so I tried whistling, and then commenced humming a tune, no! I was not asleep, for a comrade was handing me a nice drink of water; and as I reached out for the tin cup I fell from my horse, and was caught by our sergeant, who was walking along side of me, else I may have been injured.

I prevailed upon him to take my horse, while I took a seat on the limber chest of the cannon with my head resting on the ammunition chest, containing 50 lbs. of powder, and an equal number of shells, and was soon sound asleep, and awoke quite refreshed, but the strange part of it all was, that I had slept but twenty minutes by my watch as I had noticed the time of my taking this position, and the time that I awoke. I had put in more solid and refreshing sleep in those few minutes, than I have often done in a comfortable bed in a whole night. It brought to my mind one of Shakespeare's Plays, where a King vainly courting sleep, envies the poor sailor boy, up on the mast of a ship at sea, who cannot stay awake.

We passed through Leesburg which we had left but a few days before, at 6 A.M., continuing our night's march until 9 A.M., when we halted to water our horses, and rested until 11 o'clock, when we again resumed our march, crossing Goose Creek over the dam, in two feet of water, and the bottom strewn with large boulders, the horses plunging and stumbling at a great rate, when the hame strap or link of one of the teams broke, there was nothing to do but to get out into the rushing water and repair the damage, then marched until after dark, and halted, surrounded with thousands of the Sixth and Ninth Army

Corps, where I was assigned to guard duty, watching the horses was easy, because the horses were just as tired as the men, and glad to have a good nights rest.

I took advantage of the occassion to cook a tin cup of coffee, it helped to keep me awake and also pass the time until my two hours had expired. My chum and I at least had profited by the experience of the dirth of drinking water, that we encoutered on our march with thirty thousand men. I had found an old kettle, holding about a gallon, in fact it was an old dinner pail; and I made a chain out of the wire that came around the bales of hay which we received for our horses, with which I could draw water from a well or cistern wherever found, regardless of whether the "Old oaken bucket" was there or not, and between us we had managed to get possession of four canteens, keeping one on our person, and hanging the other two on our horses, and wherever there was a chance on the road to get water, I refilled them; so we were never without water; and wherever we halted night or day, we were always ready to cook our coffee, while the others had to scour around, sometimes a mile or two for water, as all the pumps in the immediate vicinity of such an army, were soon exhausted.

We also had learned, how to cook coffee in the shortest possible time, as we often did when we made a halt, for we never knew whether it was for a few minutes, or so many hours. It was found best for each man to cook his own coffee in his own tin cup, rather than to wait until a huge camp kettle with water enough for sixteen men or more, to boil. We provided ourselves with quart cups in place of the pint cups which had been given to us, and then only putting about half a pint of water into it to boil, which made a very strong coffee in a few minutes, this we thinned

with cold water, when it would be ready to drink at once, instead of waiting until it was cold enough.

It was a common sight to see twenty or more cups in a row between two fence rails and woe to the clumsy fellow who would stumble against those rails and spill twenty cups of coffee into the fire; twenty hungry and thirsty soldiers would freely express their opinion of such an act in no unmeaning terms.



## CHAPTER XXII

### THE LORD WILL PROVIDE

**D**URING these harassing marches back and forth, night and day, our commissary was strained, rations were distributed irregularly. My tent mate and chum was in a gloomy mood one morning, he had evil forbodings; that any day or any night might bring us into a fight, we had eaten our last cold boiled salt pork and had but few crackers left. He said with a sigh, well our meat is all gone, we have had a meal together, and who knows, perhaps it will be the last, one of us may be killed before night. I replied, well old comrade we are in Gods hands, His will be done, and as for provisons, He will provide. After a hurried march of about ten miles, then a halt in the road of an hour or more, and then onward again we were suddenly halted in the road with our guns. The infantry was deployed in the fields on the right and left, we were waiting to be assigned to a position in the line of battle. When in the field on our left was a commotion a musket was fired. Now I thought we were in for it but no, the infantry had only stirred up a rabbit, who came hopity hopity over the field towards us, Fred stood waiting for it, and as it came near enough he swiped it with his heavy black snake whip, with which all drivers were provided. There was no battle, so we bivouaced right there. The rabbit was skinned and stewed, with a little salt and pepper, it made a good meal. See comrade the Lord did provide, and with something better, than we dared dream of this morning.

It was nine o'clock when we resumed our march the

next morning towards Alexandria or Georgetown, turned off once during the day towards Fairfax, Va.

Following along the wake of the army one of our teamsters noticed a fair looking wagon with a broken wheel pulled into the side of the road, abandoned, the other hind wheel was in a good condition and just the thing to replace one of his wheels that was almost ready to collapse. I was detailed with a few others, to assist the teamster to change wheels, which we did when the teamster made note of the fact, that the two front wheels were also better than his, so we exchanged them, then he also thought that the body would improve his wagon, so that was exchanged, when we were through, with this work we began to realize what fools we had been, and how much useless work we had done, in all this exchanging, when we could have taken the best hind wheel of his wagon and put it on the better wagon which had been abandoned on the road side. This was what the Germans call a "Shwabens Streich". The teamsters father, by the way, had come from Suabia, as the Grand Duchy of Wurtemberg is sometimes called. In explaining the ridiculousness of what we had done to John, the teamster, he said that he hated to part with the old wagon, as it had stood him so well, on his march from Winchester to Harrisburg, and back to Baltimore the year before. The old wagon was set on fire, and destroyed, as we had been ordered to do; to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, that we were led to believe were hovering near on these marches and counter marches.

We were now on our way back to Washington from which we had driven the enemy a week before, what did it all mean? This racing and chasing back and forth; we privates did not know, nor did our officers know.

We resumed our march at daylight the next morning, July 23, and arrived at the chain bridge above Washington at 3 P. M. which we crossed, and went into camp here. Fresh beef was distributed, the first we had had for a long time, I must have eaten more than was good for me, as I became quite sick; to add to our discomfort, there was a cold rain and no shelter; so when the sick call blew at 8 P. M. I reported to the Doctor, who gave me three sugar coated pills. I mention this because it was the first time I really felt sick since I had been a soldier, and as the Doctor predicted, I was all right the next day. Three-fourths of the minor ailments, and more serious ones too, for that matter, were brought about by irregular and often over eating, and the Doctors first remedy, no matter what the ailment, was to administer a laxative to clean out the system, as the following example will illustrate.

#### HOW SAM BROWN WAS CURED OF THE RHEUMATISM

Sam was a big bluberly overgrown boy, who would think nothing of eating a quart or more of bean soup together with his portion of fat pork, crackers and bread, which made him lazy and sleepy. We being in winter quarters, had little to do, but loll around and eat and sleep. Well Sam got the rheumatism, and reported to the Doctor, who gave him some pills. Sam came into the tent, disgusted with the Doctor, saying that he had the rheumatism in his legs not in his stomach. I advised him to take the pills, they would not hurt him, which he did. The next day I asked him how about the rheumatism? He replied that the d—d pills had given him such a stomach ache, that he forgot all about the rheumatism. His clogged up system had stagnated his blood, and had caused these rheumatic pains. I related this incident to two gray

haired doctors, a few years ago, and they had a good laugh over it, and related some other comic incidences which had taken place when they were young doctors in the army, having just graduated from a medical college.

At daylight on the twenty sixth, we were again on the same road to Monocacy, passing through Tenelytown and Rockville, halting at mid-night. The Rebels were supposed to be at Martinsburg. I began to think that our General was not very anxious to catch them. That night we halted in a plowed field, and I made my bed, that is I spread my blanket in a furrow, the ground having been exposed to the hot sun all day was uncomfortably warm, but I was too tired and sleepy to move to some other place. I slept there, and when I awoke, I found my body all covered with bumps, I was covered with hives, which itched dreadfully.

We passed through Clarksburg and Hyattsville, and halted about a mile beyond, where our horses got their first drink of water for over twenty four hours. I had heard that rubbing with salt was good for hives, and as it was only four o'clock, I decided to take a plunge in a cold stream that was issuing from a spring, I rubbed in the salt and plunged in, I felt as if I had plunged into a vat of hot oil, I was out in an instant, and rubbed down hastily, shivering with a chill, I got dressed as soon as possible, and took a run to get my blood into circulation, after which I felt much better. I have since learned that it was almost a fatal thing, to do, when one has the hives.

We arrived at Monocacy at eight o'clock in the morning of the eight halting on the field, which our center had so gallantly defended just twenty days before; we re-

mained on the field eight hours, which gave us ample opportunity to look over the ground, and from the numerous graves, including those by the barn, which our shells had destroyed; we realized what a sanguine battle it had been, and wondered still more that we had not lost a man.

We crossed the Monocacy at 4 P.M. taking the pike to Frederick, which was different from the night march which we had taken from there to Monocacy, twenty days before. Passed through Frederick, and halted some miles beyond, after midnight on the road to Harper's Ferry. We were routed up in great haste, and on the march before daylight the next morning. Passed through Jefferson-town and Petersville, struck the B.&O.R.R. at Knoxville, from there over the hills to Sandy Hook, and thence through Harper's Ferry, up the hill to Halltown, where we had camped for twelve days the winter before, in cold zero weather of February, though it was now a calm Summer evening.

The various groups gathered around the camp fires of their respective gun squads, as there is something attractive and congenial about a camp fire, Winter or Summer. We had a number of good singers that always came together, when occasion offered some one suggested that "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" would be very appropriate, so they gave us the song and others joined in the chorus.

## TENTING TONIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home  
And friends we love so dear.

*Chorus:* Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
Wishing for the war to cease.  
Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight.  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
Thinking of days gone bye,  
Of the loved ones at home who gave us the hand,  
And the tear that said goodbye.

*Chorus:* Many are the hearts that are weary tonight.

We are tired of the war on the old camp ground,  
Many are dead and gone,  
Of the brave and true who left their homes,  
Others been wounded long.

*Chorus:* Many are the hearts that are weary tonight.

We've been fighting to day on the old camp ground,  
Many are lying near ;  
Some are dead and some are dying,  
Many are in tears.

*Chorus:* Many are the hearts that are weary tonight.  
To see the dawn of peace,  
Dying to night, Dying tonight.  
Dying on the old camp ground.

This was followed by, We'll Rally Around The Flag Boys, and other cheering songs.

We were not to stay in this camp long, and were ordered back to Bollivar Heights. Here we were treated most outrageously, by being compelled to exchange our well kept horses, with other favored Batteries, and received their broken down and starved horses, which had been used on the disastrous raid of Gen. Hunter, who had been driven back from in front of Lynchburg, and pursued to the Ohio River; the poor animals were so starved, that they had eaten each others tails and manes, and a sorry looking set of beasts they were.

It was this driving back of Hunter out of the field of war, that left the Valley open for Gen. Early to attempt his great raid, which came so near being successful. These horses had just arrived by way of the B. & O. R.R. and the General wanted the batteries that he knew, to stay with his command, which moved on up the Valley while we were put on the reserve with four or five other batteries. We re-crossed the Potomac, marched to Sandy Hook, from there on to the heights between it and Knoxville. We arrived there after dark, and at daylight we found ourselves in an apple orchard at Weaverton, with our guns pointing on the road towards Knoxville. The apples were hardly ripe enough to eat, but we soon learned that they were most excellent for frying, so we had our fill of fried apples and bacon, with plenty of fresh bread. On August 3, the quartermaster with his huge wagon train which had been encamped here, left us, marching towards Frederick. Five live steers were left for our small contingent, so that night we had roast beef, fried and stewed apples for supper. The enemy was supposed to be coming down the valley again, and we were ordered back across the Potomac, to Camphill. Here our guns were placed behind breast works constructed for the defence of Harper's Ferry. The Infantry encamped near us were ordered up the valley, towards Halltown. We took possession of their camp, cleaned it up and soon were comfortably fixed. In the meantime Gen. Sheridan was put in command, and we soon saw that he was profiting by the numerous disasters of the Generals who had preceded him, and was not going to be driven back so easily.

Across the Valley, from the Potomac to the Shenandoah River, breastworks were thrown up by felling trees

and digging trenches on the inside of them, and throwing the soil on the outside, and provided with numerous embrasures for cannon. Another great advantage which the other Generals did not have, was plenty of Cavalry. Averel's Cavalry passed our camp, there appeared to be no end to them, and the dust they raised was suffocating. There were many dead horses which had been thrown into a ravine to the west of our camp, as there was no wood to burn them and no soil to bury them; so that when the wind was from the east, we were annoyed by the terrible dust from the road adjoining the camp, over which hundreds of teams and troops were constantly marching, back and forth; and when the wind happened to be from the west, we had to endure the stench of the dead horses.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### HISTORY

**T**HINGS at last seemed to have settled down to something definite. But what was all this manoeuvring about? Why these many marches by night and day? From the time we started to chase Gen. Early from in front of Washington. Early had retreated up the Valley as far as Strasburg, and when he discovered that our Gen. Wright, was not pursuing him, he returned to Winchester, where our Gen. Crook was stationed with a small force, and drove him out; he then pushed north until he had reached the Potomac, and sent Gen. McCausland across to Chamberburg, Pa., to destroy that town.

Under Early's orders he destroyed the place, and left about three hundred families without homes. After burning Chambersburg, Gen. McCausland retreated pursued by our cavalry towards Cumberland, Md., where they were encountered and defeated by Gen. Kelly, and driven into Virginia.

Gen. Grant said, the Shenandoah Valley was very important to the Confederates, as it was the principal store house they had for feeding their armies about Richmond. It was well known, that they would make a desperate effort to maintain it. It had been a great deal of trouble to us to guard the outlet to the north, partly because of the incompetency of some of the commanders, but chiefly because of the interference from Washington. It seemed to be the policy of Gen. Halleck and Secretary Stanton to keep any force which was sent there in pursuit of the in-

vading army, moving right and left, so as to keep between the enemy and our Capital; and generally speaking, they pursued this policy until all knowledge of the whereabouts of the enemy was lost.

They were enabled there by to supply themselves with horses, beef cattle and such provisions as they could carry from Western Maryland and Pennsylvania. Gen. Grant decided to put a stop to this, and started Sheridan at once to the field of operation, together with another division of Calvary. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, had, on a former occassion objected to this, on the ground that he was too young for so important a command. (Sheriden was then 33 years old.)

On August 1, Gen. Grant sent re-enforcements for the protection of Washington, he also sent the following message to Major Gen. Halleck. "I ~~am~~ sending Gen. Sheridan for temporary duty, whilst the enemy is being expelled from the border. Unless Hunter is in the field in person, I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes let our troops go also. Once started up the Valley they ought to follow until we get possession of the Va. Central RR."

If Gen. Hunter is in the field, give Sheridan direct command of the Sixth Corps and Cavalry Division. All of the cavalry will reach Washington by to-morrow."

To show that President Lincoln was not in sympathy with the ideas of Halleck or Stanton, he sent the following cipher dispatch to Gen. Grant. "I have seen your dispatch in which you say, I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow to the death; wherever the

enemy goes let our troops go also. This, I think, exactly right, as to how our forces should move, but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here, even since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of putting our army south of the enemy, or of following him to death, in any direction. I repeat to you, it will neither be done or attempted, unless you watch it every every day and hour, and force it."

A. LINCOLN.

On receipt of this, Grant, within a few hours started for Washington; but did not stop there, keeping straight on to Monocacy. He found Gen. Hunter's Army encamped there, scattered over the fields along the banks of the Monocacy; Grant asked Hunter where the enemy was, he replied that he did not know, he said the fact was, that he was so harrassed with orders from Washington, moving him first to the right and then to the left, that he had lost all traces of the enemy. Grant said he would find out where the enemy was, and immediately started the army on the move to Harper's Ferry, using all available trains of the B.&O.R.R., as far as Halltown, four miles above Harper's Ferry.

The cavalry and wagon trains marched there. Grant knew that the Valley was of such importance to the enemy, that no matter how much he was scattered at the time, he would in a very short time be found in front of our troops, moving south; and as Hunter was willing to be relieved, the command was turned over to Gen. Sheridan, who was then on his way to the Monocacy, where Grant had telegraphed, to meet him.

Upon his arrival Grant gave him the instructions which he had written out for Hunter, and told him what had already been done, thus Sheridan took command of about thirty thousand men, eight thousand of them being cavalry, and justified expectations as subsequent events proved. As Grant had predicted, Early was soon found in front of Sheridan.

The Valley, Pennsylvania and Maryland were speedily freed from the invaders, On Sept. 15, Grant started from City Point to visit Sheridan and have him attack Early, drive him out of the valley, and destroy this source of supplies for Lee's Army. He said he knew it was impossible to get orders from Washington, to Sheridan to make a move, because they would be stopped there, and such orders as Halleck's caution, (and the Secretary of War,) would suggest, would be given instead, and would no doubt, be contradictory to his.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### GEN. GRANT PASSES OUR CAMP

ON THE morning of Saturday Sept. 17, Gen. U. S. Grant, passed through our camp on his way to the front. He was heartily cheered, taking off his hat in acknowledgement. The next day there was some cannonading, but it did not last long. On Monday morning there was a continuous roaring of artillery, lasting from sunrise to sunset; we could see the smoke of the battle in the distance, and nothing would have pleased our boys better, than to have been ordered into it.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, the firing seemed to be receding, giving signs that the Confederates were falling back. Sheridan had met Early at the crossing of the Opequon Creek (the same ground where we had been attacked on our march from Berryville to Winchester, on the 13 of July the year before,) and won a most decisive victory,—one which electrified the country. Things at last had taken a turn in the Valley, the Confederates no longer had their own way, as they had previous to that time.

But one defeat did not discourage them, and it took more hard fighting before they were finally driven out, and the Valley so devastated, that they could no longer depend on it to furnish them with supplies, but would have to carry all they needed the same as we had been doing all along. The battle at Opequon, was the beginning of the end. But did not quite end it, it was of too much importance to give up so easily. Sheridan drove Early down the Valley to Fisher's Hill, where he made another

stand behind works which extended across the Valley. Sheridan turned both his flanks, and again sent him speeding up the valley, followed in hot pursuit, which was continued to Mount Jackson and New Market.

The places through which we had passed as prisoners, the year before, Sheridan capturing about eleven hundred prisoners and sixteen guns. The houses which he passed along the route, were found to be filled with Early's wounded, and the country swarmed with deserters.

Finally on the twenty-fifth of September, Early eastward from the valley, leaving Sheridan in undisputed possession at Harrisonburg. Our battery was then taken from the defences in the rear of Sheridans army, and placed on the Maryland side of the river, not far from the place where we had our first winter quarters, that is in the winter of 1862—1863.

The valley was so very important to the Confederates, that contrary to our expectations, they determined to make one more effort and save it if possible, before the supplies should all be destroyed. Early had prepared to strike Sheridan at Harrisonburg, but the latter did not remain there. On October 6, Sheridan commenced moving down the valley, taking or destroying all the food, and forage, and driving the cattle before him, Early following. At Fishers Hill, Sheridan turned his Cavalry back on that of Early, which under the lead of Rosser, was following closely, and routed it most completely, capturing eleven guns and a large number of prisoners. Our Cavalry pursued the enemy back some twenty-five miles; on October 10, the march down the valley was again resumed, Early again following. It was amusing to read Rosser's Confederate report, of how he drove Sheridan down the valley,



GENERAL PETER LEARY, JR.

The last surviving officer of the battery





which glorious news was sent to Richmond, to keep them from despairing, and Rosser was proclaimed to be a match for Sheridan, and would soon annihilate him and his army.

Sheridan was intentionally and deliberately moving down the Valley, and was not driven, as the Confederates tried to delude themselves into believing, but they do not mention, how Sheridan, tired of being annoyed in this way, turned and drove them back for twenty-five miles with great loss. Gen. Grant now considered Early sufficiently weakened, ordered Sheridan to turn back and destroy the James River canal, and Virginia Central Railroad. This order had to go through Washington, where it was changed to something different than Grant had meant. Telling Sheridan that it was Grant's wish, that he should take some advanced position, fortify and provision it, and from there as a base, to act against Charlottesville and Gordonsville. Sheridan objected to this most decidedly; as he was not that kind of a soldier, to be satisfied with such slow and careful tactics, there was not enough life or energy in it for him.

He was called to Washington, October 15, leaving Wright in command; his army was then at Ceder Creek, some twenty miles south of Winchester. The next morning while Sheridan was at Front Royal, he received a dispatch from Wright, saying that a dispatch from Longstreet to Early, had been intercepted. It directed the latter to be ready to move, and to crush Sheridan as soon as Longstreet arrived.

On the reception of this news, Sheridan ordered the Cavalry up the Valley to join Wright. On October 13, Early was ready to move, and during the night succeeded in getting his troops in the rear of our left flank, which

fled in great confusion down the Valley, losing eighteen pieces of artillery, and a thousand or more prisoners. Frederick The Great said, "That to be beaten in battle was bad, but to be surprized by the enemy was unpardonable." But here there was no time to inquire whose fault it was, or how it happened, that our troops were on the retreat.

The right of our army however, under Gen. Getty, maintained a firm and steady front, falling back to Middletown, where it took position and made a stand. The Cavalry went to the rear, seized the roads leading to Winchester, and held them for the use of our troops. Sheridan having left Washington on the eighteenth, reached Winchester that night. The following morning he started to join his command. He had scarcely gotten out of town, when he met a number of his men fleeing in a panic from the front, and also heard heavy firing to the south. He immediately ordered the Cavalry at Winchester to be deployed across the Valley to stop the stragglers, and with a small escort, proceeded directly for the scene of battle. As he met the fugitives, he ordered them to turn back, reminding them that they were going the wrong way. His presence soon restored confidence.

Finding themselves more frightened than hurt, the men halted and returned to the front. Many of them who had run ten miles, got back on time to redeem their reputation as gallant soldiers before night. When Sheridan got to the front, everything in the rear was ordered up, he at once proceeded to entrench his position and he awaited an assault from the enemy. This was made with vigor, by one o'clock the attack was repulsed.

Early was so badly damaged, that he seemed disinclined

to venture an other encounter, but intrenched himself, with a view to holding the position he had already gained. He thought no doubt, that Sheridan would be glad to leave him unmolested, but in this he was mistaken. This probably would have been the case with some other General, but Sheridan was different, he had his fighting blood up, some said that it was the Irish he had in him, he was not satisfied in having held his own in that assault like Meade at Gettysburg, he wanted more. About the middle of the afternoon Sheridan advanced, he sent his Cavalry by both flanks, and penetrated the enemy's rear; the contest was close for a time, but at length the left of the Confederates broke, and disintegration along the whole line soon followed. Early tried to rally his men, but they were followed so closely, that they had to give up very quickly, everytime they attempted to make a stand.

Our Cavalry having pushed on, and got in the rear of the Confederates, captured twenty-four pieces of artillery, besides retaking what had been lost in the morning. This victory closed the campaign in the Valley of Virginia,

Hundreds of Confederate prisoners, ragged, starved and weary, passed through our camp in the rear of the main army, where they usually made a halt, and we took pleasure in dividing our rations with them. Many were disheartened, and glad that they were out of the fight, others however were sulky and optimistic, and expected to whip the Yankees in the end.

The Confederates gave up the great Shenandoah Valley, which had cost us so much, in men and war material. They would permit our armies, from the very beginning of the war, to advance up the Valley as far as they saw fit; knowing that they could drive them back whenever they felt so

inclined, and gather enough spoils from the retreating Union Army to pay them well for their trouble, as I have related in describing our march from Berryville to Winchester, in June 1863.

So it was not only the harvests of the fields which they gathered, but the harvests of spoils which they gathered from the fleeing Yankees which enriched them. Grant's order to Sheridan, to devastate the Valley, so that a crow, could not fly over it without carrying his rations, was harsh and seemingly cruel, but it was the most sensibly thing to do in the end. Sheridan however, got the blame, and the hatred of the Southern people was unbounded.

To illustrate the feeling towards him, by the soldiers of the Confederate army, I will relate the following story:

#### HOW MAJOR HILL, SINGLE HANDED, CAPTURED A WHOLE REGIMENT

During the closing hours of the death struggle, of the Confederacy, when the remnant of the Confederate army was being rounded up, and every effort was being made to keep them from escaping, Sheridan's Cavalry played a conspicuous part, by getting in the rear, and all around the fleeing army.

Maj. Hill, with a small detachment of the 6th Md. Regiment, advancing on a skirmish line, ventured too far, and found himself in the midst of an Alabama regiment, where he and a seargent, were taken prisoners, surrendering his sword, to the Colonel of an Alabama regiment, and as he, (Hill), was exposed to shot and shell from both sides, he begged to be allowed to take shelter in a ravine nearby, which was granted, but he was not there long, before the Confederate Colonel came to him, asking for information, as regards to a great commotion, and clouds of dust and smoke in the rear.

Major Hill informed him, that it was Sheridan's Cavalry, which had gotten behind them during the night. The Colonel was dumb founded, and did not know what to do, he left Major Hill and rejoined his regiment, but in a short time he came back, and wanted to know, what all that was to the right, and also to the left of them, and was informed that, that also was Sheridan,

He then realized that they were entirely surrounded, and that further fighting, on the part of his regiment, would be useless, and that they were virtually prisoners; and the worst of all, would have to surrender to the hated Sheridan. He was inclined to fight to the death rather than do that, when Major Hill remarked, well what is the matter with surrendering to me? The Confederate again departed, and finally came back with an offer, to surrender to a Maryland officer, rather than let Sheridan have the honor, "well you know what you have to do;" said the Major, "that is give me your sword, and return mine, I will need it to tie my handkerchief to, as a flag of truce, in order to get back into our lines, without being shot."

Your men will have to stack their arms right here in this hollow, and I will march you out to safety, the war is over and there is no use of having any more men killed, on either side. The men were glad enough to do this, especially as there was a prospect of getting something to eat, as they were nearly starved. The hated Sheridan had captured a railroad train loaded with provisions, which was endeavoring to reach the fleeing army, a day or so before. And so it was, that Major Hill, brought in as prisoners, what was left of a whole regiment of Alabama soldiers.

After Early was so thoroughly used up, and had given up all hope of regaining the Valley, he withdrew with the main part of his army to Richmond. The main part of Sheridan's army marched to join the Army of the Potomac, we went into camp on Maryland Heights, with several other batteries, in a position where we could easily be moved, either to Washington or up the Valley, as occasion might require.

Winter was now coming on, and we began to prepare for it, first by building stables, in a rustic manner, for our horses, out of pine and cedar trees, which grew plentifully around the mountain sides, the stables were not as snug as if built of boards, but answered very well and looked very pretty all bedecked in evergreen, like Christmas trees.

There was no regular plan for the tents, and the various squads grouped together, and used their own ideas, as to what was warm and comfortable. The only shelter the Government furnished, were the pieces of twill muslin, about four by five feet, with buttons and buttonholes on three sides.

My chum and I built a log cabin, about four feet high, and used the muslin for a roof, closing the gable ends, with jute bagging, which had been used for oats bags. The muslin was too short, so we had to build an extension, or a sort of an alcove, for our feet to rest in, this was also lined with bagging and tufted with straw, which made it quite snug and comfortable, next we built a fire place, out of stone and clay, and in it we hung a crane.

A bunk was made of saplings, that were quite springy, on which we put a mattress, made of bagging stuffed with straw, now we were fixed all right until one windy night, we found that the flopping of our muslin roof, kept

fanning our faces, which made it quite cool. So we made an additional tufted quilt, as one might call it, out of bagging stuffed with straw, about an inch thick, and fastened it under the muslin over our bunk, this darkened our tent somewhat, but it made it very warm and comfortable, and many a jolly evening, we spent there during the first part of the winter.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THANKSGIVING DAY

ON November 23, the day before Thanksgiving, our battery was surprised at receiving seven good sized turkeys, as our share from a donation, by the people of New York, to Sheridan's army. This gave one to each gun squad, and one to the artificers and teamsters.

Some time before one of the teamsters had brought in a cook stove found in a deserted house on one of the numerous foraging expeditions, which came in very handy in preparing our turkey. Thanks to my mother, she had taught me how to cook. The turkey was filled with bread with it we had sourkraut and mashed potatoes, with bread and butter, and coffee, with claret lemonade and cakes for desert.

Everything was all right, but I had an accident with the mashed potatoes. I had them boiled nice and dry, but had no potato masher, the claret bottle I thought would answer very well, and so it did for a while, but the hot potatoes coming in contact with the cold glass, caused the bottom to crack off, and about a half pint of claret, was spilled over the potatoes, giving them a nice claret color; I felt a little mortified at first, as I had been boasting about my cooking, and I did not know what to do, so I said nothing about it, and dished them up with the rest of the dinner, and when the boys commented on the red potatoes, I gave them to understand, that they did not know what good French cooking was, that the French always put a little claret in their vegetables, especially on







Monument to the Author of "The Star Spangled Banner"  
presented to the  
City of Baltimore by Charles Marburg

mashed potatoes, both for their appearance, as well as the additional flavor which it imparted, and they did think it was quite an improvement, over the ordinary way of preparing mashed potatoes, but I warned them that such luxuries could be indulged in, only on rare occasions, as Thanksgiving or Christmas, etc.

This unique cabin of ours proved to be one of the best in the camp, our table was hinged to the wall, so that we could drop it out of the way when not in use. We also invested in a coal oil lamp, so that we could read with more comfort than with a sperm candle stuck into a cracker(hard tack) or the neck of a bottle for a candle stick.

We had plenty to read, and many letters to write, I had taken up the study of French some time before, and kept at it dilligently during those long winter evenings, assisted by my chum who had studied French at a Commercial school at Frankfort in Germany. At other times we sang old songs learned at school, both German and English, and he would regale us with the Marseillaise hymn and we would join in the chorus. We never failed to sing the Star Spangled Banner, my chum would frequently recite it, and dwell on its literary merits, giving great credit to the author, whom he thought was not properly appreaciated.

He lived to become a multi-millionaire, and before he died gave thirty thousand dollars for a monument to Francis Scott Key. I felt extremely sad as I witnessed the unveiling as the band played the Star Spangled Banner, that he did not live to witness it, tears came into my eyes and my heart swelled with emotion at the sight, and the memory of those happy days in our winter quarter cabin at Maryland Heights.

Christmas came along, and with it many boxes for the boys, and the loyal people of Maryland not wishing to be outdone by New York, sent all of the Maryland soldiers a good supply of turkeys, which were greatly enjoyed, this was the happiest and most sociable camp I might say of the whole army.

It was just like a large family on a picnic, every one helped, and tried to make each other happy and comfortable; for instance, one extremely cold night my chum and tent mate was on guard from twelve until two, the thought came to me that he would enjoy a cup of hot coffee while on his lonely beat, it did not take long to hang the coffee pot on the crane and cook the coffee, which I took to him together with some coffee cake which I received from home, you may know it was appreciated. This custom was taken up by the other boys, and continued until we left that camp.

#### SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT

Our cabin came to be known as the happy German tent, and tho we were all American boys born in this country, we had all attended one or other of the private German schools of that day, which were far superior to the Public Schools, and the German spirit of "Gemuetlichkeit" was bred in us. Our Ex-President Roosevelt, whilst a student in Germany, learned what it meant, and declares that there is no word in the English language which expresses the sense of German "Gemuetlichkeit". It means a social, wholesouled fellowship, and that is what the little group of comrades who met in our cabin stood for.

We felt that the New Year should be ushered in with some special ceremony, and not be left unnoticed. We had some good liquor sent us from home, and apples were

bought from a near by farmer, and were roasted on our hearth, and a delicious apple toddy was brewed, as we wiled away the time singing, talking and reading aloud until midnight, when we went around first to the guards then to the tents, wishing each and every one a Happy New Year with a drink of hot apple toddy, as a token of sincerity, and it was generally conceded that "You can't beat the Dutch", as they termed us. This was "Deutsche Gemuetlichkeit", bred in us by our German forebearers. I will now quote from my diary: "This is the last day of the year, and may God spare me to fill up another diary, and each day be improved, so I need never blush, or be sorry for a day spent in evil, or wasted". And God has spared me to fill nearly fifty more diaries, and at the age of seventy, to put my three years experience as a soldier, in at least a manuscript form, to be made into a book.

#### WE MARCH TO WASHINGTON IN MID-WINTER

After the happy ushering in of the New Year, we were greatly surprised at receiving marching orders on the second of January. On the third, we went upon what happened to be our last march. Our destination was Washington. The first day's march brought us to Frederick, Md. Halting on on the outskirts of that town for the night, without tents, we made the best of it by using the gun covers, in addition to our blankets and muslin covers; during the night it began to snow, and by morning we were completely snowed under, it was an interesting sight when I arose in the morning, before the bugle blew the reveillie; all was so calm and white, and the numerous mounds looked like so many graves, all was as quite as a city of the dead, and when the bugle blew, and the dark forms arose out of the snow, one of the boys remarked, that it looked like Resurrection Day.

We had barely gotten under way, when it began to get colder, and the wind began to blow, and soon we experienced a regular blizzard; the snow cutting into our faces, and drifting into mounds knee deep or more, at other places the pike was bare, making it in all, the most disagreeable march that we had ever experienced.

I found myself sitting on the limber chest of the gun, with a large onion in one hand, and a piece of frozen boiled salt pork in the other, frozen so hard, that it left the impress of my teeth on the fat as I bit into it, as I was enjoying the repast, I happened to think of my Mother, who had often told me, when as a boy I refused to eat fat pork, and the smell of onions drove me from the house, that I would learn to eat it some day. Well, here I had learned to eat it and enjoy it as well. I remember writing the incident to her, and the huge satisfaction she had in remarking, "I told you so", but I would not have learned to eat fat pork and onions, if it had not been for the out door life, and the cold fresh air. That night we halted in an open field, fortunately the wind had died down, we scraped the snow away from where we had to lie, and built a huge fire, at which we toasted, smoked, and rested ourselves, before we crawled under the coverings of the canvas.

Many of the boys put their shoes near the fire to dry, and among them was a friend, and when he went to put them on in the morning, he remarked that they were frozen hard, but he had not gone far when they broke to pieces, and although they had been placed a reasonable distance from the fire, they had been burnt to a crisp.

The wind was less severe, and it had stopped snowing, but the snowdrifts had to be waded through, and the weather was extremely cold, so we tore old horse blankets

into strips, and bound up the feet of Charley and the other unfortunates as good as we could, in spite of which, some of the boys had their feet badly frost bitten, and had to go to the hospital after we reached Washington. The next night we halted near a grove of scrub pines, utilizing the small twigs and branches to lie on, the canvas was partly spread over these, and the remainder was propped up, so as to form an angle of about thirty degrees, another gun squad put their canvas at right angle to ours, and outside of this right angled tri-angle, we built a fire, the heat of which reflecting from the white canvas, made it quite warm, which was quite different than the night before, when I shivered from cold and could not sleep.

There were four other batteries of Sheridan's army besides ours on the march. The Valley now being quite safe from further Southern invasion, and Grant having more artillery than he could use against the hemmed in, and intrenched army of Gen. Lee, Gen. Grant realizing that the end was approaching and that the greatest work before the Army of the Potomac, as soon as the weather permitted, would be to prevent the Southern Army from getting away and up into the mountains, and carry on a sort of Guerilla warfare, and thus prolong the war indefinitely, and in order to do this, some hard, quick marching would be necessary, and that the calvary, and infantry would have to do it, and that the road would have to be kept clear of obstruction as much as possible, either by wagons or cannon, and this theory was correct; for when Richmond was evacuated and Lee's army had to get out of Petersburg, it was one strenuous race until the final surrender at Appomatox, in all of which there was very little use for artillery.

By concentrating all of the reserve light artillery in one camp at Washington, from whence it could be moved in any direction, either up the Valley, or down the Peninsula with the army of the Potomac, a great saving was accomplished in the way of supplies, forage &c.

#### CAMP BARREY AND BARRACK LIFE

We arrived at Washington after nearly four days march, and had one of the many barracks at Camp Barrey assigned to us. This artillery camp was at the intersection of the Bladensburg and Marlborough road. The barracks were large frame structures, the lower floor was divided into rooms for the officers' quarters, then a large dining room with tables to seat one hundred and sixty men, and a kitchen supplied with huge caldrons for cooking purposes.

The upper floor was provided with bunks, with the heads towards the walls or sides of the building. It was heated with long cylindrical sheet iron stoves, looking like small locomotives, they were long enough to hold a billet of cord wood, nearly five feet long, they were placed in boxes of sand as a protection against fire; this broke up the little family parties as the various gun squads might have been called and as it was almost impossible to keep one hundred and sixty men in one room, without noise and commotion of some kind going on all the time, it was not pleasant, and our boys even proposed to live in tents outside the Barracks.

Another thing the boys did not like, was the distance from the stables, it was a good ten minutes walk from the Barracks, and when the ground was not frozen the walk was very muddy, and as the trip to the stables had to be made from four to six times a day, it kept the drivers go-



ing most of the time. Guard duty was specially irritating to the boys.

Heretofore, the boys went to their own tents for four hours after being on guard two hours, and could do as they pleased during that time. Now there was a detail from the various batteries that had to report at the guard house, a building part of which was used as a prison for disorderly soldiers, and housing the guards for the twenty four hours that they were on duty.

One was supposed not to sleep during this time, and be always ready to fall into line at a moments notice, if called on to do so. At guard mount which took place at eight A.M., every soldier was supposed to have his shoes blacked, buttons shined, hair cut according to regulation.

The officers of the day were also detailed from the various batteries, and the most disagreeable and overbearing officers were those of the Regular Army, many of them fresh from West Point and who had seen no service.

For instance when we had just arrived from the front one of the best and noblest of soldiers, who had been detailed for guard, did not have his shoes blacked, though he had brushed them as good as he could, with the means at hand. Soldiers in active service are not supposed to be encumbered with so useless an article as a shoe brush, or even a hair brush, and considered themselves lucky if they had a tooth brush and a comb. This officer insolently demanded, why he had not blacked his shoes? The soldier naturally replied, that he had no blacking nor brush, nor money to buy, and if he had, he had not had the opportunity to do so, having just arrived from the front. This gentlemanly explanation irritated the young officer to such an extent, that he ordered him under arrest for dis-

respectful language to an officer, especially an officer of the day.

Our Captain heard of the occurrence, and interceded in behalf of the soldier, and procured his release. Another one of our boys had an officer give his hair a vigorous pull, because it was not short enough to suit this particular officer, another was brutally kicked in the back of the leg, because he had mud on his heel. (Many such brutal officers were hit by stray bullets, while a battle was going on, and they did not come from the guns of the enemy either.) Many of these officers could or would not distinguish between a regular, and a volunteer soldier. Our Captain was quizzed at one time, by one of these officers, as to his leniency towards his men, and he replied, "My men are Baltimorians, and gentlemen", and I treat them as such, and get the best results when it comes to the real requisite of a soldier, courage and efficiency, and a willingness to do their duty in case of emergency. There were quite a number of U. S. regular batteries in this camp, and when we were thrown in contact with them at the guard house, we learned to understand the difference between a regular and a volunteer. The volunteer for instance, are recruited from one neighborhood, many came in groups from some village or town, and all knew each other. Their motive was pure patriotism, whereas the regulars were thrown together from all parts of the world, many were bad men and adventurers from our cities who enlisted for mercenary motives, and would rather be in a company where they were not known, and where they would meet many others like themselves; many were drunkards and sots, the guard house was continually filled with drunken brutes, these were the men which the Reg-

ular Army Officers had to content with, and did not have sense enough to discriminate between them and the respectable and patriotic volunteer.

Seven hundred to a thousand dollars were given as a bounty to induce men to enlist, many adventurers would take the bounty and enlist, only to desert at the first opportunity and re-enlist in some other regiment, these were called bounty jumpers. Emigrant ships were besieged by runners to induce ignorant foreigners to enlist, and then rob them of the greater part of their bounty, if not all of it, an instance occurred at the guard mount on one occasion which illustrates the matter, the officer of the guard asked one of these recruits to which battery he belonged, the recruit could not understand, in order to help him out, asked him in German, with the same result, then I asked him in French, he still could understand, it turned out that he was a Swede; these men were not objectionable and eventually made good soldiers and citizens later on.

I met one, a young German, who had been induced to join the army by some sharpers in New York who swindled him out of his bounty money, and had him put into the Regular Army for five years. He had been told that it would only be for a few months, when the war would be over, and his father who was also in the army would be discharged with him, and he would have all of this money to go into business with in the mean time offering to take care of it for him until he came back.

This was the last he saw of his money and the kind benevolent friend who spoke German, and appeared to take such an interest in his welfare; he was only about nineteen years old, and seemed very much disheartened at the situation in which he was placed, and wanted to desert

at the first opportunity; I advised him not to be in haste and stand it for a while, as it would be a good schooling for him.

In the first place he would learn to speak English, and that would better enable him to get a foothold in this country, and besides knowing something of cabinet making and carpentering, he might be advanced to be an artificer in his battery, and get eighteen dollars per month, and with no expense to speak of, he could save money during his five years; but what hurt him most, was, that he had left Germany to avoid conscription into the German army, and here he had stepped right into what he had tried to avoid.

I convinced him that there was a vast difference between this and the German army, here at least he received some pay, and that if he was frugal, he could save nearly one thousand dollars in the five years. He took my advice, and was ever thankful for it. His battery was stationed at Fort Washington, Md., on the Potomac, after the war; and he was made an artificer at eighteen dollars per month, and earned considerable extra money making articles of furniture for the officers and their wives. He bought a small farm during the reconstruction period, when land was cheap in Virginia, went into truck farming, with Washington as a market. He came to see me about five years after the war, and told me that he was married, and that his parents were with him on the farm, and that he was saving money to buy more land, and was glad that he had taken my advice. But his was an exceptional case, the majority of these recruits, who were drafted and swindled, and coersed into the army, besides those who went into it for the sake of the bounty, and

often to hide from justice, these were not the kind of men, we had been in the habit of meeting and associating with, heretofore.

#### A PARALIZING FRIGHT.

It was a tough set who quartered at Camp Barrey, and composed the batteries of the Regular Army, the volunteer batteries who came with us from the Valley were all right, and felt as we did in regards to the regulars. I had been to Washington and was returning to Camp rather late, I had been to the theatre. I was joined on the road by two soldiers of a West Virginia battery, and they were telling me how one of their men had been murdered, robbed and stripped of his clothes a few nights previous near our camp, and a week before how another soldier of an Ohio battery had been murdered, presumably by some of the outlaws of the Regular Army.

As we reached Camp, they had to go up the Marlborough road, and I turned up the other road to the left to reach our barrack about a quarter of a mile further up; it was a very lonely road, and the ground was covered with snow.

I was musing on the subject of our conversation of murder&c. when I saw a dark object emerging from under a culvert on the side of the road, I was not armed and was all alone, and no one within hearing distance; I was scared, I had often heard of ones hair standing on ends, and my hair did have that feeling under my cap. The danger battle with men falling around me, did not make me feel so bad nor so scared as I was at that moment, I trembled from fright, to be killed in battle was nothing, but to be murdered and my body left in the snow in the dead of

night was horrible, I seemed paralyzed and stood still, I know I could not have run if I wanted to.

The object came on to the road and moved from me, if it was a man he was walking on his hands and knees, but it was not a man, it was a pig! Oh! what a relief, it took quite awhile however before I recovered myself sufficiently to walk to the barrack. This was the only time in my life that I was really frightened, though I have been exposed to many dangers. I began to think that it was high time for the war to cease, and that giving bounties was not the right way to keep up the army, or if a bounty was given it should be in installments, or after the time of service had expired. The regular army after the war was demoralized, and in a fearful condition. Our Lieutenant Leary, who continued his service in the Regular Army, mentioned a case where a number of drunken soldiers confined in the guard house, attempted to murder each other, and the fighting was only stopped when they turned the hose on them until they begged for mercy, he also mentioned, that there was much drunkenness among the officers.

#### BATHING AND WASHING CLOTHES

In active service there was always an opportunity to have a bath or a good wash of some kind, either in some stream, river, or brook, while in winter quarters, half a pork barrel was our bath tub as well as wash tub. I never left a Saturday night go by without having a bath and a change of underclothes, there was always a way of getting a kettle of hot water; I have often wondered over the fact that there was no heat in the tent, and there was only the canvas between me and the cold

wintry weather outside, and yet, I never felt chilled while taking my Saturday night bath. Our clothes we soaked in the same tub until Monday morning, which was our regular wash day the same as at home.

I remember one time when the washing was delayed by the fact that our soaked wash was frozen into one solid lump of ice, and my tent mate tried to chop it out with an axe, cutting socks and shirts into many pieces before I could stop him, he did not hear the end of that trick for a long time. Some of our boys gave out their wash to colored women, who called for and delivered their clothes, but in going from camp to camp, they put all the soiled clothes into the same basket with the clean, which she was delivering at the same time, with the result that many of our boys contracted virmin. So I thought it advisable to do my own washing. In the barracks there was no provision for either bathing or washing, so we patronised the bathing establishment and the laundries in the city, getting permission to do so when we could be spared from the duties of the camp, which was nearly every other day. Night passes were given in order to give us as many chance as possible to visit theaters, which greatly relieved the monotony of camp life, and the disagreeable features of the hated barracks, with its constant drilling, inspection, guard duty, and all sorts of devices to keep the soldiers busy; this was all right for the many new recruits of the regular batteries, but to us it was extremely irksome. Our happy and free days of volunteer life was over, and we longed to get to the front, and into active service.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE DAWN OF PEACE

ONE Monday morning, April 3, to be more correct, I was detailed with some others to accompany our wagon after bread, the Government bakery was west of the War Department, and the White House; as we were riding past the War Department, we saw a great commotion and excitement of some kind going on, men came out of the buildings in their shirt sleeves, all excited; my first impression was that the building was on fire, but when I saw one old, grey haired man throw his hat up in the air and yell Hurrah! and take another into his arms and hug him, and then dance as though he was crazy, and a whole group of others doing the same thing, I went into the enclosure to find out the cause of the commotion, and was told that Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated, and that Lee was retreating towards Lynchburg, and that the Confederacy was done for.

Our Commissary Sergeant asked us to get the bread, turning his requisition over to me for the purpose, while he hurried out to camp with the glorious news. When we arrived at our barracks pandemonium had broken loose, everybody was yelling and singing, the fireless stoves had been upset, blankets and mattresses had been torn from the bunks, and littered the floor. Nobody could hold the boys in camp that night, for as soon as the horses were attended to and the duties of the day over, all but those who were on guard rushed for the city; there we found everybody intoxicated with joy, if not with something stronger, men who never drank before made an ex-



ception on this occasion. Here is where the Irish War Poet, Miles O' Riley, got his inspiration for the Lyric, "Bad Luck to the Man that is Sober To Night. He's but a miserable spalpeen." etc. But all of this brought very little joy to the regulars, who were in for five years, whether the war was over or not, but with the volunteers it was different, to us it meant home and friends, mother and sweetheart, and all that was dear to us. I had come through the trials and vicissitudes of war, a much stronger and healthier man, than I was when I entered the army. I was a mere boy when I went in to it. The Captains predictions, that I would have plenty of opportunity to be killed came true, but I had come through without a physical, and I hope, without a moral blemish.

**T**HE evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, was not the finale of the war, the Confederate army was still intact, and could cause us considerable trouble, Gen. Lee's idea of joining Gen. Johnson's army, and prolong the war so long, that England would interfere by recognizing the Southern Confederacy as a Nation, which would have changed the whole aspect of the war. Gen. Grant realized the importance of preventing this movement, put forth every effort at his command; luckily he had such energetic Generals, as Sheridan Sherman Wright, Custer, Greg, Merrit, Meade and others, and not forgetting the men who carried the muskets to aid him in this final struggle.

For three or four days they did not stop to eat or sleep, but kept pushing energetically forward to head off the fleeing Confederates, who were fast melting away; many realizing that it was useless to continue the strug-

gle, dropped out of the ranks, and went to their near by homes. Gen. Grant, for instance, had stopped for a temporary rest at a deserted hotel, when a Confederate Col. came up, and informed him that the hotel belonged to him, and that his regiment had been recruited from the neighborhood, and all of them had departed for their homes, and he being without a regiment, had come up to surrender. This wild chase was continued just one week, when Gen. Lee was finally induced to surrender and prevent further bloodshed, this was April 9, 1865, (Sunday).

At 2.30 A.M. the next morning we were ordered out to fire a salute in honor of Lee's surrender, and the end of the war. These were the last shots fired by our battery. Shots of triumph and victory, over as gallant and brave a foe, as the world had ever produced. I wish here to mention, that there had never been any personal animosity among the soldiers of either side, the rancor and bitterness of the reconstruction period, and after, was brought on by the politicians, and not by the soldiers who faced each other in battle. For instance, our Maryland boys in the Army of the Potomac, had just drawn five days rations the morning of the surrender, the Confederate Soldiers were starving, our boys gave up three days rations of their five, to allay their hunger, and the Confederate soldiers never forgot this kindness.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

ON THURSDAY, April 13, all who could get off from camp, went to town in the evening, to witness the grandest illumination and fireworks, such as had never been witnessed in any city in this country before, the grandure of which was beyond description, so I will not attempt to describe it, but will leave it to your imagination. It was gotten up to celebrate the surrender of Gen. Lee, and the Dawn of Peace.

But what a change to sadness and grief, on Friday night some of the boys, who had been to the theater, came back bringing the sad tidings that our President had been shot while in a private box at Ford's Theater, witnessing the play of "Our American Cousin", by Laura Kean. He was not yet dead, and one of the boys suggested, that all get down on our knees, and pray that his life might be spared. This was one of the most touching sights I have ever witnessed. The weeping and wailing of these Veterans was heart rending, but of no avail, for our dear beloved President died.

After all had quieted down, and we had retired, though we could not sleep, I was aroused with some others, and told to get our horses, and report to headquarters, where we found hundreds similarly mounted, we were marched out to Marlborough road, forming a part of a vast picket line, or cordon, that surrounded the whole city, to prevent the escape of the assassins, it must have been many miles in length; we had orders to keep a sharp lookout, and not

permit any living being to pass, and shoot if they failed to halt.

A drizzling rain had set in, it was pitch dark, not a sound was heard save the dripping of the misty rain, which had gathered on the trees. When all of a sudden my horse neighed so loud, that in the silence of the surroundings seemed terrific, I tried to quiet him, but he repeated the call several times, when it was answered by another horse some distance off, that happened to be a stall mate of my horse and they did not want to be separated, so I was removed from my position and placed near the other horse, when he appeared to be satisfied; but all of this was useless, as subsequent events revealed the fact that Booth, the assassin, had passed over that road about an hour before we got there.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On the nineteenth of April there was a grand funeral procession, and the city was in a gloom, it was also the anniversary of the riot in Baltimore, where the first blood of this horrible war was shed; this war that called for such great sacrifice of human lives, a vast pyramid of the dead, with the last great sacrifice of Abraham the Good, at the apex. His remains were placed in the Capitol, where every soldier as well as civilian, had an opportunity of viewing and to take one last sad look at this great man, whose memory is growing greater and greater as the years recede. Every once in awhile some new view point of his words and deeds come to light, showing the plain, simple, honest goodness of that great man. He had confidence in the common people. He believed that the people as a whole, could be trusted to do what was right.

How far reaching, some simple word or message of his went, the following will show.

In his message to Congress, in December 1861, Lincoln said, Labor is prior to and independent of Capital; Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed, if labor had not existed first. Labor is the superior of Capital, and deserves a higher consideration, "Naturally this would have pleased Karl Marx, who was at that time an exile in London, engaged in writing "Capital," and in directing the growing Socialist Labor movement. Our Civil war bore most disastrously upon England's cotton industry, and well to do opinion there, sympathised with the South. In a speech at New Castle on the Tyne, in October 1862, Gladstone declared, that the Southern leaders, "Have made an army, they are making a navy, and they have made what is more than either—they have made a Nation, "which seemed to forshadow recognition of the Confederacy by the English Government. Before the end of the year, indeed such recognition was deemed imminent. Now, Socialist History asserts, that this recognition of the Confederacy, which would have been a hard blow to the North, was defeated only by the protest of English workmen in mass meetings at London, Manchester and elsewhere, which were astutely instigated by Karl Marks, partly out of admiration for President Lincoln.

Other History may shake its head rather dubiously, over this extreme claim; but everybody knows, that all history is more or less ambiguous. We like the version, that a bold, humane, true word, spoken by Lincoln, and caroming upon the brain of an exiled enthusiast on the other side of the world of whose existence perhaps, he had never heard was really what saved the day.

Many biographies of Lincoln have been written, each one adding some new phase of his character, some incident that helps to make up the sublimity of the man. One incident I wish to mention in connection with the assassination of Lincoln; the night of the murder, Gen. James Garfield, who was destined soon to be the next victim of the assassins bullet, was in New York.

The people were wild with excitement, no one knew the extent of the conspiracy, some imagining that there was a great plot on foot to take possession of the government, evil forboding permeated the mob that came to the hotel where Garfield was stopping, they were ready to kill burn and destroy, all they wanted was some leader to say the word. They called for Gen. Garfield, expecting him to say the word, he came out on the balcony rising his full height of six feet, or more, and with uplifted hand, quited the throng; then with both arms raised looking up to Heaven, and, exclaimed with a clear ringing voice, "God reigns, and the Goverment at Washington still lives", and then advised them to go quickly to their homes, and await results. The crowd melted away, with the words of that noble Statesman, ringing in their ears. One can well imagine, what might have happened, if Gen. Garfield had spoken otherwise.

#### CAMP DUTIES RESUMED

Camp duties were not interrupted, and the strictest and often unnecessary discipline were enforced, which to us was extremely irksome. Drilling, reviews, inspections, followed one upon the other so continuously, that our boys were ready to revolt, because for us the war was over,

and all of this looked like a farce gotten up to worry us, by the officers of the Regular Army.

At last on the twenty-eighth of April, an order from the War Department, ordering the reduction of the army was issued, and we expected to be mustered out before the end of the month, we were ready to turn in our guns, and march to Baltimore, if need be, we were so anxious to get away from that hated camp.

#### THE GRAND REVIEW OF THE TWO ARMIES

But it was not to be in such a hurry, it took sometime to disband an army, more than we knew of, and drilling and reviews continued with renewed vigor. To add to the harrassed feelings of the boys, two of them died quite suddenly, they said it was heart failure. Some even went so far as to suggest to burn the barracks, so that we could live in tents again; but better reason prevailed and it was not done. In the meantime the Confederate Gen. Johnson had surrendered to Gen. Sherman, in North Carolina, and Sherman marched from there to Washington, through Virginia by way of Richmond. In due time the two armies, one from Burksville Junction Va., where the Army of the Potomac had gathered, after Lee's surrender, and the other "Sherman's Western Army", from the neighborhood of Raleigh, North Carolina, arrived and went into camp, near Washington.

These troops were hardy and inured to fatigue, arrived in their respective camps as ready and fit for duty as they had ever been in their lives, and Gen. Grant said of them "I doubt whether an equal body of men of any nation, take them man for man, officer for officer, was ever gotten together, that would have proved their equal in a great

battle''. On May 13, orders were issued by the Adjutant-General for a grand review of Sherman's and Meade's armies. The review commenced on the twenty-third, and lasted two days, Meade's army (to which our battery belonged), occupied over six hours of the first day in passing the grand stand, which was occupied by the President. Andrew Johnson, his cabinet and other high Government officials.

Sherman's troops had been encamped on the Virginia side of the Potomac, crossed over during the night and bivouacked near the Capitol, promptly at ten o'clock in the morning of the twenty fourth, his troops commenced passing in review. Sherman's army made a different appearance from the Army of the Potomac, which had been operating where they received directly from the North, full supplies of food and clothing regularly; the review of the Army of the Potomac therefore, was a review of a body of Sixty-Five Thousand men, well drilled, well disciplined and orderly soldiers, inured to hardships, and fit for any duty, but without the experience of gathering their own food supplies in an enemy's country, and of being ever on the watch.

Sherman's Army was not as well equipped as the Army of the Potomac, but their marching could not be excelled; they gave the appearance of men who had been thoroughly drilled to endure hardships, either by long and continuous marching, or through exposure to any climate, without the ordinary shelter of a camp.

They exhibited some of the order of marching through Georgia, where, "The sweet potatoes sprung up, from the ground'', as Sherman's Army went marching through. In the rear of a company there would be a captured horse



or mule, loaded with small cooking utensils, captured chickens and other food, picked up for the use of the men. Negro families who had followed the army, would sometimes come along in the rear of a company, with three or four children packed upon a single mule, and the mother leading it. There was one noticable peculiarity, Sherman's army was composed of men who were on an average six inches taller than the men of the Army of the Potomac.

The sight was varied and grand, nearly all day for two successive days, from the Capitol to the Treasury building, could be seen a procession of orderly soldiers, marching in columns of companies. The National Flag was flying from nearly every house and business place, the windows and streets were crowded with spectators, to get a view of the Grand Army. It was a sight, such as had never been seen before, and never will be seen again; a sight that left an impression on the memory that could never be effaced. To the honor and glory of our Republic, be it said that this vast army, in a few short months vanished, and all became good citizens, as they had been good soldiers. There was no hitch and no mishap, no rioting, or, as many foreigners had predicted, there were no bands of marauding robbers roving the country. They did not know the American Volunteer Citizen soldier. In Europe, they could not relize that so many thousands of men, of their own free will and accord, would go into an army and stand such hardships, and do such fighting.

It was beyond their comprehension, and gave them respect for this Country, that they never had before. With our army of the North, in combination with that of the South, we could defy the world. No wonder that Napoleon III, was willing to evacuate Mexico that he had

usurped during our troubles when asked to do so. And that England was willing to arbitrate the Alabama claims.

The drilling, inspection, guard mount, and roll-call, were kept up as strenuous as ever, when on May 31, 1865, the long wished for order, to be mustered out came at last. Wednesday June, 6, we turned our guns and harness into the arsenal, the next day the horses were turned in at Giesborough, where there was a large field, bordering on the Eastern branch of the Potomac, and stacks of hay scattered at various points; here I saw thousands and thousands of horses, as far as the eye could reach.

There were many sad partings, as the soldiers slipped off the halters, and left the horses run; many horses lingered to take a last sad look, some after having mingled with a group of horses, returned to their masters, as though loth to part.

My individual and faithful horse, did not know what to make of having his halter removed, (halters with the hitching straps, are never taken off the horses in the army,) he stood and look, and wondered what it all meant, he walked away a few paces and returned to put his head upon my shoulder and with a sad heart, I bid him good-by, when he turned and ran a short distance, and pranced and kicked up his heels for joy, as if he too was glad the war was over.

On Friday the eighth, we were mustered out of service. We left camp on Sunday at eleven A. M., for the depot, but could get no cars until 1 P. M., soldiers were being sent out of Washington as fast as cars could be furnished.

Passenger coaches were out of the question, we were put on open platform cars, and the road was so blocked, that it took us until 7.30 to get to Baltimore.

This was very harassing to us, who had been away so long, and so anxious to get there, no express train could have gone too fast for us, but here we were at home at last among all of those that were dear to us, my father cried for joy, remembering how three years before, he had with trembling hands, signed the paper giving his consent to my enlistment, which seemed to him at that time, like signing my death warrant. We were not yet discharged however, we were told to report at Camp Bradford, (now Lafayette square on Saturday June 17, 1865) where we received our final discharge from the service, each member receiving a certificate to that effect, printed on parliment paper. We not only received our regular pay, but also received cash for clothing we did not use, I had \$40 coming to me, by being saving with my clothes during the three years, lacking two months, that I was in the service.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### WE PART AND BID EACH OTHER GOOD-BYE

**T**HE Orderly Sergeant, is the book keeper and secretary of a company of artillery. He calls the roll, keeps account of the absentees, also their pay and clothing account, and is therefore an intermediary between officers and men, and has it in his power to make it pleasant or disagreeable for the men according to his disposition.

Many men when appointed as non-commissioned officers, such as corporals, or sergeants, "to use a slang phrase", got a swelled head, and were over anxious to show their authority, our captain himself whilst commanding respect and obedience, was not over bearing.

In after years, in recounting various little incidents of our camp life, in which our Captain figured, I have concluded that for a man of his years, (he was only about twenty-five or thirty), he displayed a remarkable knowledge of human nature, and knew how to handle us boys, and to get the most out of us, with the least friction, or unpleasantness.

We all felt that our Orderly, deserved some recognition on our part, for his services in our behalf; we collected \$150.00, for that purpose, and never were there more cheerful givers, with this money we bought a gold watch, which was suitably engraved and with it a chain to match.

That afternoon with our discharges in our pockets, we marched to the old Carroll mansion, cor. Front and Lombard Sts., then used as a summer garden, here under the trees of this historic mansion, the presentation was made with suitable impromptu speeches, and responses,



CHARLES L. MARBURG  
My life long friend,  
as a Citizen



this was kept up until long after dark, and with many tearful eyes and many handshakes we parted, those residing out of the city receiving the most attention, so the men of this glorious battery, second to none in the service, evolved from good soldiers, into good citizens again.

#### FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

SOME few of our battery boys residing in the city, would frequently meet and greet each other on the streets, and exchange inquiries as to what had become of this or that comrade, in fact there was a yearning for each other, the tie that bound us was forged in the furnace of war and had been tried by fire, and years could not obliterate the friendship and respect we had for each other.

One of our dear comrades had died poor, and without friends, or means to give him a decent burial, a few of us got together, raised the amount necessary, and had him properly buried. This suggested to us the propriety of organizing a society for the purpose of assisting such comrades.

An advertisement for a meeting of survivors of our battery, brought together about twenty. These knew the addresses of others, and after several meetings it was decided, to have a reunion and banquet. On December 31, 1880, we had our first reunion, at which there were seventy members present. These annual reunions were held for thirty years, the last one held, December 1909, there were but eight, four of whom have died since.

(June 1911, this does not mean that they are all dead but four,) for there are still some thirty of the old Veterans living out of the one hundred and seventy or more, who made up this battery. But what is more interesting, I wish

to mention, what these young soldiers did after they became citizens.

During the fifteen years following the war, when we renewed our acquaintance, one had studied medicine and was a physician with a good practice, one had gone into politics, and was a state senator, another had studied law, another became a dentist, another was a contractor and builder, others were farmers, two had gone into the Regular Army, one had been promoted, and has since been killed by the Indians, the other is at present at the Soldiers Home at Washington, many clerks, and book-keepers, two were firemen, and railroad engineers, another was in the light house board, many worked at their various trades, one, a noble hearted fellow, through family troubles, had taken to drink, and went down and down, until he found himself in the alms-house.

There remorse over took him, and he realized how low he had fallen, and resolved to lead a better life, when he had recovered from his delerium he got a position as a janitor of a church, and became a man again. We heard from another who became a county clerk, in one of the counties in Kansas, a position he still holds. One of the most interesting careers, was that of one of our Washington County boys, whose parents owned a farm hear Sharpsburg, and while we were organizing, the battle of Antietam was fought, and much of his fathers property was destroyed, it being embraced as a part of the battle field, and while his boy was in the army, he moved to Illinois and continued farming there.

In the midst of the hillarity that Saturday evening, at the Carroll Mansion our Washington County comrade disappeared without saying good bye to any of us; fifteen





WINTER QUARTERS

Built by Fred Miller and Myself  
Winter of 1864



years after he came back to explain his unseemly behavior, I will give his own words as near as I can remember; "I had occasion to leave the boys for a few minutes, and while alone I reasoned this way, if I go back to say good bye to my comrades with whom I have been so closely and intimately connected for the past three years, I would be overcome with emotion, and there is no knowing how long I might stay before I could tear myself away from them, besides, I might spend all of my money, so I had better go to the depot right now and be done with it, which I did. I soon found a girl that I loved and married. Some years after the Ottawa Indians, were removed from their reservation in Kansas, I joined a group of young married people and migrated to that State took up a claim, and helped to stake off what is now the city of Ottawa. I was a carpenter by trade, and erected my own house near the edge of town. One morning as we were at breakfast, I heard a rumbling noise, and before I could make out what it was, my house was blown away by a cyclone, I was uninjured, but my wife had a severe cut on her forehead, which was bleeding freely, my eldest boy was jammed under the book case, the baby was gone, she had been in her crib near her mother; and when found, some distance away, under the eaves of what had been the roof of our house, with her face full of plaster and sand, she was laughing." (She is now the wife of a missionary in China.) The boy was not injured very much, and lived to become a soldier in the Twentieth Kansas Regiment under Colonel, now General Funston, in the Phillipines. His was the only house injured by the cyclone.

Every body who could, assisted him in re-building his house, by which he was brought into public notice, which

caused him to get the contract to build the public school, at which he did so well, that he succeeded in getting the contract for other public buildings. When he visited us, he had a force of twenty men or more working for him.

There is a river running by the town, that was only navigable, a few miles above and a few miles below the place, four or five miles up the river there was a wooded island, (trees are very rare on the prairies of Kansas,) so the island was selected as a park, he agreed to put a steam boat on the river, if they would give him the monopoly for ten years, which they did, he bought a boat in Chicago, brought it out in sections and put it together, and thousands came for hundreds of miles to see the sight, all of which enabled him to become wealthy, and the good, noble hearted fellow deserved it. Another member and dear comrade, became a multi-millionaire in the tobacco business. I give the details of these men to show what material our battery was composed of, as it is a fair sample of the American Volunteer of that period. It has frequently been said, that soldier life would tend to demoralize a young man, my experience has been different.

The great majority of our men had a moral stamina, and would not tolerate anything that was low and vulgar, obscenity was tabooed. Some of them would get intoxicated occasionally, as opportunity offered, but they were not wicked, none of them became habitual drunkards, or worthless tramps, as was so often predicted. Here ends the story of the Baltimore Light Artillery, and the men composing it.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### FORAGING

THE Shenandoah Valley had been a granary for the Confederates, and many rich spoils did they gather from the retreating Union army during the first two years of the war, various Generals had advanced up the Valley with banners flying, and glorious hope of what they were going to accomplish; only to be surprised and overwhelmed by superior forces, and glad to escape with as little loss as possible.

The reason for this was, that the Union army was over supplied and hampered with long wagon trains, whereas the Confederates were on their own grounds, lived off the country, knew how to strategically use every road and byway, thus they were free footed and could move fast.

They often garnered and utilized the products of that rich and fertile valley, which we had guarded and protected for the farmer. As for instance; one evening, after a long day's march, we halted near two stacks of unthreshed wheat, and the boys commenced to use it for their horses, when the farmer appealed for protection, and a detail of these tired and worn out soldiers were placed on guard to protect it, this man had a son in the Southern army, and was at heart to rebel, and the wheat was afterwards used by his friends, the Confederates.

All this was changed when Gen. Grant took command, and placed Gen. Sheridan to look after things in the valley, with orders to live off the country and impoverish it, so that a crow could not fly over it without carrying his rations. This is often commented upon as harsh and cruel, but it

was the best thing to do, and helped to bring this fratricidal war to a more speedy end. In our battery we had been using five wagons for our supplies, they were reduced to three.

Our picturesque Sibley tents, which took two wagons to haul were abandoned, each soldier being supplied with a piece of twill muslin with buttons and eyelets, which he carried with him, and by fastening two of these together, pegged down at the corners, and a stick of any kind to prop it up, made a good shelter; this together with the rubber blanket or poncho, was all that was really needed.

By this time our army, especially our Cavalry had become as well acquainted with the cross roads and mountain passes, as the Confederates themselves. To live off the country, meant scouring right and left, more especially for hay and provender for horses.

#### AN EMIGRANT'S STORY

**I** WAS detailed with a number of others, to bring in some hay which had been bought from a farmer several miles from camp, and away from the main pike, and while some were loading the hay, I started off to see about getting something to eat for the boys, when I was attracted by a picturesque cottage against the side of rather a steep hill, it looked to me like one of the Swiss cottages I used to see in picture books; it was a neatly painted, and I was impressed with the general appearance of thrift and neatness about the place; the paling fence was white-washed, and the gate was not off of its hinges like so many we met in that section of the country.

Sitting on the porch was an elderly gentleman smoking a pipe, I broached the subject of milk, and bread and but-

ter, or anything else they might have to sell, to feed some hungry soldiers; he was quite friendly, and appeared to be glad to see me, and from his accent, I knew he was a foreigner, so I spoke to him in German at which he was delighted, he was from Grand Duchy of Wurtemberg, which I at once detected from his peculiar dialect. I expressed surprise at seeing a German in this out of the way place—and inquired as to how he came to be there. He was in a talkative mood, and was glad to have some one to talk to, especially in his native tongue, and related the following story:

Fate plays queer pranks in human affairs. Some good friends who had presented me with a silver mounted buck horn pipe, as a remembrance on the eve of my departure for America, was the cause of my becoming a farmer in this country. It was this way, on landing in New York, one of the numerous boarding house runners persuaded me, and in fact coersed me to take my quarters at his Hotel, "The Frankfort", he spoke German and warned me against these hotel runners, who would entice ignorant immigrants into some low dive of a boarding house, and while there rob them, &c.

The Frankforter Gasthoff, to which I was taken, was a plain German saloon, with sanded floor and tables just like in the Old Country, I had a good supper in a rear room, and then went out into the bar-room, to make big with my fine pipe, I was nearly through smoking, when a young woman pretending to be the daughter of the landlord, seated herself opposite to me at a small table, and entered into conversation (in German of course) leading the subject to my pipe, I was flattered with the idea of her apprecating it, and readily consented to let her have it to

show to her mother, as she had requested. After patiently waiting for a considerable length of time, I began to feel uneasy, and went in search of the maiden, and readily found her in a back room, she did not appear to know me, and when I inquired about my pipe, she did not appear to understand a word of German; by that time a man came in and acted as an interpreter, and the girl declared that I must be demented, as she had never seen me before.

This of course riled me considerably, and I began to give her and all the rest of them a piece of my mind, an officer of the law was called in, and I was arrested for disturbing the peace. But my pleadings were in vain, the next morning I was fined two-dollars and costs, and allowed to depart. After a long search I found my hotel, and was determined to get out of that robber den, and when I inquired about my trunk, they treated me just as they did about my pipe, I began to raise another row, when the landlord pushed me out into the street, threatening to have me arrested.

A stranger passing by accosted me in German, I told him of my troubles, after inquiring whether I had any witness, or anything to prove that I actually left my trunk at that place, I was half angered, at him, at first for doubting my word, he said that he believed me, but that the keepers of these dives were in league with the police, and would get plenty of evidence to swear that I was mistaken, and had never left anything, in fact had never been in the house before, and a great deal more.

What was I to do? A stranger in a strange land, unacquainted with the language, this stranger who spoke such queer German, proved to be a Pennsylvania farmer,



who was looking for help among the newly arrived immigrants, and offered me work under conditions that seemed favorable to me, so I accepted, glad to get a foothold at doing anything that was honorable.

But farming was far from my ideal of what I was going to do in America. Although I was raised on a farm, I had taken a mercantile course, could keep books, in fact I had spent several years in a large mercantile establish at Stuttgart. Fate had driven me back to the soil, and taking all things into consideration after these many years, I am glad of it. Such was my first experience in this great America.

He went with this farmer, learned all about American methods of raising and marketing crops, after a few years rented a farm, saved money, was married to a woman who could, and was willing to work with him. He afterwards bought this farm in this section of West Virginia, where there were many others from that section of Pennsylvania.

He prospered, and had two sons who went into the Union Army. While he was relating the above, his wife was busy getting up a meal of bacon and eggs for us, with bread butter, milk, home made cheese, and apple butter. He would accept no pay, and invited me to come to see him again, which I promised to do; but in a few days we were miles away, and I never saw him and his good wife again, but from the events of the war which happened in that neighborhood later on, I doubt if they had any bacon and eggs or milk to offer passing strangers, at least not for some time after the war was over.

## ANOTHER FORAGING ADVENTURE

**F**ORAGING however was not always so pleasant, it was often fraught with danger, as the following adventure will illustrate. A number of Cavalry men had bought their hay and were loading it into a wagon, while one of them went up to the farm house and bargained for a dinner for six of them, not in the least anticipating any danger, and while waiting for the rest of the boys to come and participate, there suddenly appeared in the open doorway a Confederate officer, and behind him ten or twelve more of his men who had quietly tied their horses to the paling fence near by.

He realized at once that he was a prisoner, and a march up the Valley to Richmond, or Danville with all the horrors of a Confederate prison lay before him; but he put on a cheerful air, and tried to make the best of it by inviting his captors to the meal he had paid for, which was cheerfully accepted; as the meal was progressing, his thoughts were on how to escape.

There was an open window, outside were the horses; to get up and walk to the window with out being interrupted was out of the question, they had taken the precaution to bar the door, as they were talking and joking, Johnny Reb. and Yank, bantering each other in a good natured way, and Yank was swinging back and forth on his chair, joking and laughing, when all at once, he purposely lost his balance and grabbed for the table which went over with him, and in the excitement he jumped upon his feet and with one bound was out of the window, and on a horse before the Johnnies recovered from their surprise, and ready to shoot.

They had to unbolt and unbar the door before they could get to their horses, which gave the Yank a good start, though numerous shots were fired at him none took effect, the reports of the shots however alarmed the men who were loading the hay, they had ample time to get out on the road and ready to shoot back, which they did. As they were getting too near the Federal camp, the Confederates were afraid to follow.

All that the Yank lost was a good meal. It appears that the Confederates were as much surprised as the Yankees were, and knew nothing of the men in the field loading hay. Later on it was learned that the Confederates were some of General Mosbys men. Scouts whose duty it was to harrass and annoy the enemy, to keep posted as to what was going on between the lines of the two main armies. They were opposed by equally as good men, under our Maryland Colonel Coale, and Major Russej of the First Maryland Cavalry, and Major Clendening, with a squadron of Illinois Cavalry.

Theirs was a life of continued strenuousness, they were the eyes and ears of the army, on duty night and day, and no comfortable winter quarters for them. I saw them many times, as we were turning in for the night, march out into the darkness, regardless of snow, sleet, wind or rain. They were our guards and protectors. If they ran into a squad of the enemy, they would have a little brush, if they could not make them give way, they would withdraw. Always on the look out, always on the allert; these encounters were so frequent, that many actually learned to know each other by sight, if not by name. In fact many of the Maryland boys, now opposing each other, had been playmates before the war.

## THE MUTTON THAT WE DID NOT EAT

**W**HEN we were ordered to live off the country as much as possible and get our horse feed from the farmers within a reasonable distance from our camp, there was a new office created, or rather a new title given namely; that of Forage master, whose duty it was to negotiate with the farmer as to the quantity and value of the provender we wanted from him. At one place as the boys were loading up some hay, they espied a sheep

Now they were not sent out after sheep, but hay, nevertheless they would like to have some of that mutton; so the Forage master went up to the house and tried to negotiate for that sheep, but the farmer did not wish to sell; then a cash offer was made for it by the Forage master, who knew that he could sell it to the boys at a profit. During his interview with the farmer, the boys were trying to catch the sheep but it was getting away from them, when one of the boys rather than lose it shot the animal, which caused the farmer to relent and sell it at a reasonable price.

The carcas was brought to camp, skinned and the meat rapidly distributed at a profit to the Forage master: one mess bought the whole hind quarter, and were having visions of boiled mutton and turnips. Frying pans were in great demand, but it was not long before the countenances of the boys with the frying pans changed to one of disgust, a pause, and another smell and the meat was dumped into the fire, and they concluded that salt pork would be good enough for the next meal.

They had slaughtered an old ram whose meat smelled like an old billy goat, and was totally unfit to eat. The only good that came off of that sheep was its hide, that the Forage master used as a soft bed to sleep on. And the farmer certainly had the laugh on the boys, who would like to have had their money back.

### HORSES

**W**E had in our Battery one hundred and fifty horses, and eighteen mules, and I learned to know the horses, and could call nearly all of them by name, every horse had its peculiarities or character, just the same as human beings, some were brave, some were cowards, some were nervous and easily frightened, some were exceedingly ambitious, others were indolent and lacked ambition, others were intelligent, some were absolutely ignorant.

We had one that was an idiot, a dummy. My first horse, a mare, was a light gray in color, medium, or rather small in size, and had been a lead horse on a gun team, and orders had been issued to do away with all light colored horses in the gun teams, they being too conspicuous, and too easily seen by the enemy, and often made good mark to shoot at. She had been neglected to a great extent, her hind legs were sore from standing in the mud, and not properly cleaned, and had a heavy winter coat of hair, which had been rubbed off at places, and was sore where the lice had been annoying her.

I will here mention, that horse lice are larger than those that infect the human body, but will not get on a human being.

Sperm oil was the remedy used against them, of which I used a liberal supply, but this made a greasy, dirty coat, and could not be brushed nor curried, and the weather was too cold, to give her a bathe for some time, so I had to put up with these conditions until the weather got warmer, I washed her feet daily with castile soap, kept her out of the mud, and they soon got well.

When spring opened, and the old coat began to shed, I commenced to wash her with soap and water, and she soon had a shiney silver gray coat, and turned out to be not only a beauty, and intelligent and refined, and as affectionate as a child, on the march I could dismount and walk and she would follow me, would sometimes stop to nibble a little grass along the road-side and then come running, and would jump over an ordinary stone wall with me on her back, with ease and grace. No wonder that the tears came, when I had to part with her, and turn her over to the enemy when I was taken prisoner.

## THE STORY OF MOSES

**A**FTER returning from prison, and entering upon the regular camp duties, I had my choice of several horses, but I did not think that I would ever get another to replace the beautiful gray that I had lost, I mean one that I could be so attached to as I had been to her, Beckie I called her. This new horse had seen service judging from the numerous brands that were upon his flanks. The first thing that is done when a horse is purchased for the army is to brand U. S. upon his left flank.

Our battery horses were branded with the letter A. denoting artillery, but this horse had besides these three letters, the letter M. so altogether he had the letters M. U. S. A. Some one suggested that these letters reading Musa, meant Moses in Hebrew and that I should call him Moses, which I did. Now Moses was not a pretty horse to look at, but he had some good qualities, and responded to kind treatment by being willing to do all that I wished him to do, we soon learned to understand each other, I could ride him without a bridle, and would go to the right or left simply by pressing with my right or left knee, I needed no spur to urge him on in an emergency, I would simply press him with both knees and lean a little forward, and he would go his fastest until I would tell him to stop.

He would never leave or walk away from me, but would stand by ready for me to mount at any moment. On one of the harassing night marches, when under General Hunter we were chasing the Rebels or they were chasing us, it was hard to tell which, our battery had come to a halt, I dismounted, slung the bridle under my arm and lay down on the side of the road for a little rest,

when I felt some one, I thought, tugging at my pants, I sat up and was astonished to find that there was no one there but Mose, not only that, but the battery had moved on, and I was alone in the rain and darkness.

There came over me a feeling of utter loneliness that it is hard to describe, I had fallen asleep for over an hour. There was nothing to do but trust to my horse, who had so kindly awakened me, he was awake while I was asleep.

So I mounted and left him have his own way, it was not long before he turned off of the road, and the limb of a tree grazed my head I commenced to have doubts as to whether he was right or not for the battery would certainly not go through a woods, but still I had faith in Mose, we soon came to an open road and here again I had my faith shaken, for the horse turned to the right, when I thought he should have turned to the left, still I left him go, I saw some lights ahead, but was it our camp or that of the enemy? For they were supposed to be all around.

My horse quickened his pace, when all of a sudden I was halted by sentinels challenge. Halt! Who comes here? Was it a friend or foe? I answered. A friend without the countersign, and told him who I was and what battery I belonged to. He called the corporal of the guard and all this time I was in doubt, but Oh! what a happy relief. It was one of our men, and he pointed out the way to my battery.

I gave Moses an extra feed that night and lay down on the ground near by him, and was soon sound asleep, and I needed it. The winter following, one of the boys borrowed him to go with a squad to cut some trees to build a shelter for the horses, and came back with the sad news



that a tree had fallen over him and injured him so that he had to be shot.

My next and last horse, Jim, I called him, was a curious beast and was as high as he was long, a regular camel with legs so long that I had difficulty in mounting him. He always wanted to race and did not want any horse to go past him, but his eye sight was bad, and he would stumble so that I never felt safe while riding him.

#### A REBEL HORSE AND A TRAITOR

ONE time in line of battle, a horse with his rider who could not control him, came dashing into our lines and the man made prisoner. One of the cavalymen appropriated the horse as he was a better one than he had, but in the next fight this horse tried the same thing with him, and started for the rebel lines, and when he saw what he was up to and could not manage the beast, he put his pistol back of his ears and shot him rather than be taken prisoner. He never reported this, as his word might have been doubted, and left it understood that the horse was killed by the enemy.

#### CORPORAL SCHNEIDER AND HIS PLOLOGATEEF

CORPORAL Schneider was one of the old men of the Battery, he was at least thirty five or forty years of age, and it was because he had seen service in the German army, that he was appointed Corporal, but on account of his broken English and the many blunders he made, he did not command the respect that was due to his exalted position, and at his own request he was returned to the ranks.

The boys all liked him, but lost no opportunity of having their fun with him at his expense. He knew how to cook and was to cook for his gun squad, and thus be relieved of other duties. But no matter how good he cooked, the boys would always pretend to find fault with his messes, simply to hear him swear and scold at them, in his peculiar way.

The worm finally turned, he took his complaint to the Captain, saying, "Mr. Captain, I was a good cook," "I cooked for shentlemen in Chermamy", and dey all times eats dem, and say it was good, and now I cooks yust as good, for des, dumme rowdies, and dey "say it is no good, for to eat, and it is only good for peegs".

Well they eat it don't they? said the Captian, "yes dey eats dem", but all time they say it is no good, "well", said the Captian, "soldiers will growl about their grub, they have that prerogative and we cannot court martial them for that. You cook their food and they will eat it", "What is dot what dey got, you say Captian?" says the Corporal, The Captain repeated, "They have that prerogative".

You cook it and they will eat it. "Dat is all right Captain", "I will tell them", said the Corporal, and marched back to the boys, exclaiming, "Dare now! I told the Captain, and he says you got the "Plologateef", "Dat is what is de matter mit you". I cooks dem and you eats dem," "Dam now dot is all. And ever after when one of one boys growled about his grub, he was accused of having the "Plologateef", I Cooks dem and you eats dem, "Dam now, dat is all."

## BILLIES COOK DAY

**A**FTER Billie had gotten religion, and would not swear, not even at the mules that stood in the middle of the stream and would not move unless some emphatic swearing was done, Billie also decided to turn over a new leaf, and be more diligent in performing his ordinary camp duties, for instance he made himself acquainted with the location of the spring, and would occasionally bring up a canteen of water, sometimes two of them, instead of doing as heretofore, that, is, drinking and very often emptying some other fellows canteen for him, and express his disgust if he had to try three or four canteens in order to find one containing a drink of water, and then growl if it was not as fresh as he would like to have it; the thought never entering his mind, that he might go to the spring himself, and get a fresh canteen of water.

For instance we had been in our camp for three weeks, when I suggested to him to go for some water, he wanted to know where the spring was. He always managed to shirk his cook day, always finding some excuse to get out of it, and when his own gun squad would refuse to let him have some bean soup that some one else had cooked in his place, he would scour around with his tin cup to some other mess, and take the leavings from their pots and kettles.

He soon became known as the laziest man in the battery; but now a change had come over him, he began to realize that he had been imposing on the rest of the boys, and from now on he was going to do his duty by them. So, one day, when his cook day came around, he said that he was going to cook, and the reason he had always shirked

it, was because he had hated the dirty pots and kettles, and before he began to cook he was going to clean them.

So off he went to the spring with soap and a rag to scour the pots, noon time came, and a hungry lot of boys came in from a couple of hours drill, and work at the stable, to find Billie at the spring still washing the pots. Various opinions were expressed in regards to Billie and his cooking, that it would not do to put in cold type, "as newspaper men say."

I have since met many people who waste all their time washing pots, and accomplish nothing. In our public school curriculum, there is so much time wasted in preparing for a certain study, so much husk to worry through, that by the time the scholar gets to the kernel, he has to leave school, his meal time is over, and the pedagogue is still washing pots.

#### A HOSPITABLE SOUTHERNER

**A**T ONE time one of our boys marched ahead of the battery while we made our usual halt of 15 minutes to rest the horses and men. He came to a deserted farm house, that had been stripped of every thing movable, in which he found an old suit of clothes, with which he disguised himself as a country man and did it so well, that for a time he was not recognised.

He asked many amusing questions at first, and then invited us in to partake of his hospitality, mentioning all of the good things that he was going to regale us with. He feigned surprise at finding his larder empty, "Like old mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard."

He then invited us to go down to the smoke house, and help ourselves to all the ham and bacon we could find de-

claring that the hated Yankees would get it all any way, and being that we came from Baltimore he gave us the preference, and was still more astonished to find that every thing was gone, and lamented the fact that he could not be as hospitable as he wanted to be, and then left off a tirade against the hated Yankees, that would have done any Southerner good to hear. This was very comical, but awakened sad reflections of the broken up homes and the horrors of war in that part of Virginia. We passed many such deserted homes.

#### SIX BIG BLACK GOONS FROM OULD BALTIMORE

**A**T ONE time as we halted near a group of small houses, we were accosted by an elderly lady whose accent and brogue revealed the fact that she was a daughter of Erin, inquiring what Battery this was, and where we hailed from? Being informed that it was the Baltimore Light Artillery, and that we came from Baltimore, she opened her eyer in wide astonishment, exclaiming, "is it possible, that it is from ould Baltimore you came?" counting the guns; "One-Two-Three-Four-Five-Six-Six! big black goons from ould Baltimore! All the way from the ould country, across the big water. It surley must be a good cause that you are fighting for to come so far away from your homes in ould Ireland.

The only Baltimore she knew anything about, was the little fishing village in the southern part of Ireland. Many of our boys were just as ignorant of that little town in Ireland, as the Irish lady was in regards to our Baltimore. It was considered a good joke, and no opportunity was lost to allude to the Six Big Black Goons from Ould Baltimore.

## The Brave Ones at Home

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,  
With smile that well her pain dissembles  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,  
Though Heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder—  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of war around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breaths a few brave words and brief,  
Kisses the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on freedom's field of honor!

What the good and loyal men and women at home did while the brave soldier boys were in the field is very seldom, if ever mentioned. The care of the sick and wounded and the relief of suffering in many other ways, is hardly ever thought of. For instance my old school master, when the guns of Gettysburg had scarcely ceased booming, was on the field with a carload of ice and a group of good men to aid and assist in relieving the wounded that were still scattered over that great field, while his good wife, (of blessed memory;) had all of the school children picking lint and making bandages for the wounded. This was going on in hundreds of families, both of the Union and the Southern sympathizers. This

was no time to make a distinction between North and South! Help! Help! Help! was the cry from thousands of suffering men, and many hearts were opened, and with the hearts were hands and liberal contributions of money for the purpose.

Hundreds of Regiments passed through the City at all hours of the day and night that had to be fed. Some having come great distances without food. The Union Relief, as the organization was called, established large dining rooms near the depots, where warm meals were furnished to thousands while in transit, which went far to eliminate the blot which the fair fame of our City had suffered by the rioting of the 19 of April 1861 when the first blood of the war was shed, and many a Northern soldier went home with a better impression of Baltimore and advertised its hospitality far and wide.

Nor did the good work stop with aiding the soldiers. The war made many widows and orphans that had to be cared for. A Union Orphan asylum was established principally through the efforts of our local Clara Barton. A Mrs. Joseph Boyd, deserves special mention for her many good deeds. Tho these deeds are, I am afraid soon forgotten on earth, they be recorded in Heaven. If any American woman deserves a monument it is Mrs. Boyd.

I could mention many more who took an interest in this good work both directly and indirectly "their name was legion." It has often been said that war makes people harsh and cruel. This may have been the case in other countries, but here it was just the opposite.

It awakened all the nobler attributes of love, sympathy and charity. In the field, the U. S. Sanitary Commission did herculean work for the relief of the suffering. For

instance; while we were chasing around between Harper's Ferry and Washington, during the middle of August, when springs and wells were dry and no water to be had, and arrived on Bolivar Heights we were met with wagons loaded with barrels of ice water seasoned with Jamaica ginger.

When we arrived on the Flag of truce boat from Libby Prison, there were many soldiers who had no tin cups nor plates. The Sanitary Commission furnished them, those that were too sick to eat the coffee and meat that was offered them, were furnished with suitable nourishment in the cabin below.

When we arrived at the barracks in Washington in mid-winter the bunks with bare boards were there, but the Government furnished no mattresses, the Sanitary Commission furnished the ticking, the quartermaster furnished the straw, otherwise the bunks would have been extremely cold and uncomfortable. Thus while the Demons of war were making it a Hell, Ministering angels were nigh to soothe and soften its evils.

## ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

### RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY LIFE

**T**HE soldier may forget the long, weary marches with its dust, heat and thirst, and he may forget the horrors and blood of the battlefield, or he may recall them sadly, as one thinks of the loved dead; but the cheerful, happy scenes of the camp-fire, he will never forget. How willingly he closes his eyes to the present, to dream of those happy, careless days and night! Around the camp fire crystalize the memories of the soldier's life.



It was his home, his place of rest, where he met his companions. Who kindled the fire? Hardly was the camp determined upon, when the bright blaze of the camp fire was seen. Nobody knows who kindled the fire; but no matter how wet the leaves, how soggy the twigs, no matter if there was no fire within ten miles of the camp, that man could start one. Some men might get down on their hands and knees, and blow and fan it, rear and charge, fume and fret, and yet it would not burn. But this fellow would come, kick it all around, scatter it, rake it together again, shake it up again, and Oh! how it burned.

As soon as the fire is kindled all hands want water. Who can find it? Where is it? Never mind! we have a man who knows where to go. He says: "Where is your bucket?" and then we hear the rattle of the tin cup as it falls to the bottom, and away it goes, nobody knows where. He knows, and he don't stop to think, but without the slightest hesitation or doubt, he strides out in the darkness.

Others would wander around and walk a mile and not find water. But that fellow in our mess with the water instinct never fails. He goes straight for the spring, river or creek, as though he had lived in that neighborhood all his life and had never gotten water anywhere else. He is a valuable man, a modest fellow who does not know his own greatness. Having a roaring fire and a bucket of good water, we settle down. Each man and his chum pick out a tree, and that particular tree becomes the homestead of the two; they hang their canteens on it, lay their haversacks and spread their blankets at the foot of it, and sit down and rub their backs against it and feel that they

are at home. How gloomy the woods are beyond the glow of our fire! How cosy and comfortable we are who stand around it and inhale the aroma of the coffee boiler and skillet.

The Cook is a man of great importance. Woe to the man who hints that the potatoes are done. He alone-the cook-is the judge of that. At last his face relaxes, he takes the pot from the fire, and says. All right boys, off comes the lid, and like a wealthy philanthropist he distributes the solid and fluid products of his skill to his humble dependants.

The General having satisfied the carvings of the inner man, now proceeds to enlighten us as to how, when, and where-fore the campaign will open, and what will be the result. He arranges for every possible and impossible contingency, and brings the war to a successful and early termination. The biggest mistake the Commander of the army ever made was that he failed to consult Our General. Who can tell what might have been!

The Poet is another feature of the mess. We call him, and he appears with one eye bandaged with a dirty cotton rag, he is bareheaded, and his hair resembles a dismantled haystack.

His elbows are out, his pants from the knees down have a brown and toasted appearance from many a fire, his toes protrude prominently from his shoes. What a dirty ignorant fellow! But listen to his rich modulated voice. How graceful his gestures, how perfect his memory. How his single eye glows. See the color on his cheek.

The Singer generally puts in an appearance towards tattoo and sings us to sleep. He has a sweet voice and a sweet heart at home. He sings of rosy lips, blue eyes,

golden hair, pearly teeth and that sort of a thing. Of course he sings some good rollicking songs to give us all a chance, "Rally' Round the Flag", John Brown's Body", "Hail Columbia", Star Spangle Banner", "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp", and other camp melodies, changing off with love songs, comic songs, war songs, Sunday School Hymns, and every thing except vulgar and obscene songs-these are scarcely ever heard, and no where in the army well received or encouraged.

The recruit-our latest arrival-is so interesting! his nice clean uniform, new cap, new shoes, trimmings on his shirt front, letters and crossed guns on his cap, new knife, for all the boys to borrow, nice comb, for general use, nice little glass to shave by, good smoking tobacco, money in his pocket to lend out and Oh! what a convenience he is!

How many good things he has that a fellow can borrow, and how willing he is to go on guard, and get wet, and give away his rations, and get water, and cut wood, and ride horses to water, and he is so clean and sweet all the fellows want to bunk with him under his nice new blanket, and impart to him some of their numerous and energetic little tormenters. And then it is so interesting to hear him talk. He knows so much about war, arms, tents, knapsacks, ammunition, fighting, marching, camping, cooking, shooting—in fact everything that a soldier is and does.

It is remarkable how much a recruit, and how little an old soldier knows about such things. After a while the recruit forgets all and is as ignorant as any veteran. The scribe is a wonderful fellow and very useful; he can write a pass, sign the Captain's name better than the Captain himself, endorse it respectfully, forwarded approves, sign

the Colonel's name and so on up to the commanding officer. Nobody wants anything better. All the boys have great veneration for the scribe and use him constantly.

The forager is a good fellow. He always divides with the boys. If there is buttermilk within a mile, he finds it; apples he smells from afar off. If anybody is killing hogs he gets the spare ribs. If a man has a cider cart on the road, he sees him first and buys him out. No eagle has a sharper eye, no hound has a keener scent. Distance, rivers, mountains, pickets, patrols, roll-calls, nothing can hinder or stop him. He never brags about his exploits, simply brings in his spoils, lays them down and says "pitch in." Not a word of the weary miles he traveled, how he begged, or how much he paid; "pitch in."

It would take me too long to tell you of the lazy man, the brave man, the bully, the worthless man, the ingenious man, the helpless man, the sensitive man and the gentleman. But they are as familiar to you as the honest man, who would not eat stolen pig, but would take a little of the gravy. Every soldier remembers, in fact is familiar with the Universal Man. How he vehemently denies his own identity, and talks about poison oak, and heat and itch, and all these things, and strives in the presences of those who know how it is themselves, to prove his freedom from any thing like universality. Poor fellow, sulphur externaly and internaly will not do; alas! his only hope is to acknowledge himself, in the presence of his peers a lousy man.

Now let us consider the effect of camp life upon a pure and noble boy. And to make the picture complete let us go to his home and witness the parting. The boy

is in uniform. His pockets and haversack are stored with little convenience made by the loving hands of mother sister and sweet heart, and the sad, yet the proud hour has come. Sisters are smiling thru their tears, filled with mingled pride and sorrow, kiss and embrace their great hero. The mother, with calm heroism, surpressing her tender, maternal grief, impresses on his lips a fervent, never-to-be-forgotten kiss, presses him to her heart, and resigns him to God, his country and his honor. The father, last to part presses his hand, gazes with ineffable love into his bright eyes, and fearing to trust his feelings for a more lengthy farewell, says: Good-bye, my boy God bless you, be a man.

Let those who will, scoff; but such a parting is a new and wonderful power, a soul-enlarging, elevating and purifying power, worth the toll, the danger, the sufferings of the soldier. As he nears the line and sees for the first time the stern realities of war, the passing sick and weary, the wounded and the dead, his chest expands, his eyes brighten, his heart swells with pride; he hurries on, and soon stands in the magic circle of the glowing fire, the admired and loved of a dozen true hearts. Is he happy? never before has he felt such glorious swelling, panting joy. He's a soldier now. No longer the object of care and solicitude, he stands in the solitude of the night a guardian of those who sleep.

Courage is his now. He feels he is trusted as a man and is ready at once to nobly perish in defence of his comrades. It is a mistake to suppose that the older men of the army encouraged vulgarity and obscenity in the young recruit; no parent could watch a boy as his messmates do, because they see him at all hours of the day and night,

dependent on himself alone; and they are merciless critics, who demand more of their protege than they are willing to submit to themselves.

In the army the young man learns to value men for what they are, and not for wealth or station, and so his attachments when formed, are sincere and reliable. War is horrible! But still it is in a sense a privilege to have lived in time of war. The emotions are never so stirred as then, imagination takes her highest flights, poetry blazes, song stirs the soul and every noble attribute is brought into full play. Many a weak and puny boy was returned to his parents a robust, healthful manly man. Many a timid and helpless boy went home a fearless, brave, independent man.

If there were any true men in the North, any brave, any noble, they were in the army or navy. Hypocrisy went home with the able bodied skulkers, being too closely watched in the army, and too thoroughly known, to thrive. And so the camp-fire often lighted the pages of the best book, while the soldier read the orders of the Captain of his salvation. And often did the songs of Zion ring loud and clear on the cold night air, while the musket rattled and the guns boomed in the distance, each intensifying the significance of the other.

## **Our Two Last Surviving Officers**

CHARLES H. EVANS

Charles H. Evans, one of our first Lieutenants died at Washington March 10, 1910.

He became known in Congressional circles as Old Advalorem. He was an expert Tariff statistican and began the study of this great question just after the war and from the Treasury Department was soon detailed to the House of Representatives to assist the Ways and Means Committee and Senate Finance Committee.

He assisted in the drafting of Tariff bills from 1872 to 1897.

He attended and took great interest in all of our Reunions and died at the advanced age of 79 years and was followed a year later by our last surviving officer Peter Leary Jr.

PETER LEARY JR.

Our 2d. Lieut Peter Leary Jr. whose picture is given facing page 12 while serving in our Battery, and again as a Brigadier General of the U. S. Army, facing page 160, he entered the regular Army as 2d. Lieutenant after the war, and participated in many of the Indian campaigns, that put our army to severer tests of courage and endurance than they had experienced during the civil war, if that be possible.

After the survivors of our Battery had organized into an association he took great interest in it, and attended all our Reunions that he could possibly get to; when he could not come personally, he always sent a communication from

the various post at which he happened to be stationed; from Fort Areble in Maine, to Key West Florida. Of the thousands of other soldiers he came in contact with during the time, he retained the warmest place in his heart for the members of the dear old Baltimore Battery.

After his retirement from the Regular Army as Brigadier General, he was appointed by the Mayor of Baltimore as Chairman of the Sewerage Commission. This honor came to him entirely unsolicited, and with the understanding, that there should be no graft nor political influence to interfere with this great work. Later on, several attempts were made to get it under the influence of the political machine with its tempting millions at the disposal of the Commission; which fortunately were not successful.

During his career in the Regular Army promotions were very slow, and there was a bill brought before Congress to make promotions more rapid by retiring superannuated officers, or some other method that Congress might see fit to enact.

During this agitation I came across the following in a German publication that I sent to the then Lieutenant and one of his fellow officers translate it for him. It was entitled, "The Modern Androclus."



## The Modern Androclus

The touching story of Androchylus of old,  
Is to our wondering young ones often told.  
A modern instance I will here relate,  
For Congress now to wisely contemplate.  
To prove that well-bred lions still may feel  
Emotions noble, high, and grand and real;  
Hear this story in your full committee,  
And let your influential voices, in great pity,  
Vote promotion for our suffering grade,  
Nor fear the sovereign people will upbraid.  
A first Lieutenant of the Sixth Artillery,  
Rated in warlike art of great skill, or he  
Would not so often been sent on missions,  
Calling for great knowledge of grave tactical conditions:  
Not fond of rum, nor a tobacco smoker,  
Not given even mildly to the game of poker.  
Would, while his mess-mates were at sportive play,  
Repair him to the green fields far away,  
And there with Gautier's telemeter strange,  
Deftly determine the field guns farthest range;  
Or, with transit in his facile hand,  
Survey the hills and valleys of the land.  
One fair spring day, as if by lucky chance,  
A frightful Puma barred his quick advance.  
This California lion standing in the road,  
Seemed to suggest his gun he'd better load.  
He aimed the rifle at the savage brute,  
Prepared with steady nerve, quite straight to shoot.  
The lion far from wishing to be shot,  
Moved humbly forward at a little trot,  
And limping on the near fore-foot sore lame,  
Up to the First Lieutenant gently came.  
The Puma at the First Lieutenant winked.  
And in the soldier's hand his left paw linked;  
There, sure enough, embedded in the paw,  
A cruel thorn the First Lieutenant saw.  
The officer most kindly pulled it out,  
Whereat the lordly lion faced about.  
But ere he went he gave another wink,  
(Expression full of import, Sirs, please think)  
And though a beast all inarticulately mute,

His grateful paw bestowed a soldierly salute,  
The meaning of that fateful wink of warning,  
Was very clearly known the following morning.  
At eight o'clock the Adjutant's report,  
Showed twenty Senior officers were short:  
One Colonel, one Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors,  
twelve

Captains, and three superannuated First Lieutenants,  
I ween, never again were in that battalion seen.  
Only our First Lieutenant, straight and undismayed,  
Appeared that day upon the dress parade,  
And there remote reclining on the ground,  
Lay the gorged lion, corpulent and round,  
Who, grateful for the pain so well relieved,  
Had just a hearty breakfast well achieved,  
Of twenty officers all ranking on the list,  
Above the one who did the brute assist.  
The following day was heavenly bright and vernal,  
And our Lieutenant then was made a Colonel,  
Down then, all first Lieutenants of the line,  
Down on your knees at heaven's most holy shrine,  
And pray a lion may be sent to you,  
To help you to the rank you hold your due,  
And then perchance a captain you may be,  
In some good regiment of your crack artillery;  
But as for colonel. Oh no. Never!  
Never! Never! Never! Never!





OUR GUIDON

## Our Guidon

MRS. JAMES HAVENS  
Lafayette Ind.

Comrades! All hail to our banquet tonight  
 With its feast of mirth, song and story  
 As prompt at the banquet as brave at the fight  
 Ye have come with your scars and your glory.  
 Hushed is the tumult of carnage and war  
 Silent the cannon's booming  
 Peace waves her tri-colored banner afar  
 Command of our Union assuming.  
 Loud swell the peons of National joy  
 Fraught with tumultuous feeling  
 Hushed the fierce music, of shot and of shell  
 And silent our Batteries pealing,  
 We meet and the circle that halos each head  
 Like stars of perpetual glory  
 As well for the living as well for the dead  
 Proclaims our triumphant story.  
 We place at the head of our banquet to night  
 A Comrade so true-so relied on  
 Who stood by our side in the thick of the fight  
 As oracle-prompter and Guidon.  
 In rush of the battle's sanguined affray  
 We welcomed the death-dealing tide-on  
 Not ours to fathom but ours to obey  
 The silent command of our Guidon.  
 Never was order more promptly obeyed  
 Never command more relied on  
 Never was comrade more honored than thou  
 Our silent Companion Our Guidon.  
 We stared in the visage of death undismayd  
 Thy unswerving example relied on  
 Never was valor more grandly displayed  
 Than under thy bidding Our Guidon.  
 Grand was the offering our Battery laid  
 With pride on our National alter  
 Purer a sacrifice never was made  
 Not once did a comrade falter,  
 Where are the Heroes who fought by our side?  
 Dwelling in mansions eternal  
 Feasting in banqueting halls deified  
 Drinking of nectar supernal.  
 Blue was the current that coursed thro' the veins  
 "Old Maryland" spilled on the alter  
 And to night we remember those Glorious names  
 With peons from Liberty's psalter.  
 Earth holds no Grandeur no loftier names  
 No Company lordlier showing  
 Brilliant its Coronet studded with Fame's  
 Own everlasting bestowing.  
 Fames silver trumpet-blast ne'er shall be stilled  
 Never shall cease its proclaiming  
 Valorous deeds that our Nation has filled  
 With heroes of warthier naming  
 Now here's to the Heroes who fought by our side  
 Who to night walk the city Eternal  
 And beckon us on to their ranks glorified  
 By the "rivers of water" supernal.  
 And here's to the comrades remaining in rank  
 In life's conflict engaging  
 Whose Guidon is stacked in times loftiest band  
 While the mistical battle is raging.

# Roster of the Baltimore Light Artillery

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## Officers

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CAPTAIN F. W. ALEXANDER

1st Lieut. A. E. Alexander

Promoted to Captain

1st Lieut. C. H. Evans

2nd Lieut. P. Leary Jr.

2nd Lieut. J. T. Hall

### Staff Sergeants

Orderly, Marion, A. Bryan

Promoted to 2nd. Lieut.

Q. M. William M. Griffin

Com. Robert Ghiselin

### Duty Sergeants

John J. Ryan

Promoted to Orderly

James N. Garrett

William H. Perkins

Conrad Meise

\*!Charles E. Green

### Corporals

\* Charles L. Marburg

\*George A. Hoskins

Joshua Mitchel

\*Joseph Wyman

Thomas T. Benton

Charles E. Suter

John W. Everist

John J. Ely

John W. Mitchel

John E. Brown

Moses B. Yeager

Samuel F. Beeler

### Bugler

Richard B. Lee

Howard W. Gambrill

\*Taken prisoner    ! Wounded in action

**Artificers**

\*Edward Barling  
 W. W. L. Cripps  
 \*William H. Fuller  
 Joseph A. Hamilton  
 William H. Rynehart  
 \*Frank J. Winneberger  
 Nathan Hammond

**Died while in Service**

\*Sergt. W. J. Johnston  
 Corp. Samuel R. Jones  
 Private E. K. Haddaway  
 \*Private E. N. Trimble  
 Private Jeremia E. S. Reid

**Privates**

Airey, John T.  
 \*Aller, John T.  
 Anderson, Horace  
 Anthoney, Joseph P.  
 Amber, John  
 Addison, George C.  
 Adams, Sameul S.  
 !Adams, Charles W.  
 Bartol, John D.  
 Brown, Samuel  
 \*Berry, James  
 Bishop, George W.  
 Bishop, Reverdy  
 Berg, John J.  
 Bolison, Orlando  
 \*Brown, James H.  
 Binix, George W.  
 Betts, Robert O.  
 Brooks, Richard  
 \*Crouse, Joseph A.  
 Curlet, Ellias  
 \*Courtney, Francis M.  
 Creamer, Joshua S.  
 Crooks, John H.  
 \*Collett, Thomas E.  
 Childs, Williams H.  
 Curley, James F.  
 Denby, William L.  
 \*Douglas, James H.  
 \*Donahoo, Henry K.  
 Downey, William  
 \*Dittman, Edward F.  
 Denig, Frank

Dunn, John A.  
 Deems, George  
 Eichelberger, Charles E.  
 Eichelberger, George N.  
 \*Edelman, William T.  
 Emory, John  
 Frish, Henry G.  
 France, Thomas A.  
 \*Fletcher, Francis M.  
 \*Fitzpatrick, Edward D.  
 Galvin, Joseph J.  
 Galvin, John C.  
 Gouley, Andrew J.  
 \*Gambrill, Frederick E.  
 \*Gambrill, Howard W.  
 Grupy, Jacob  
 Gilbert, Robert H.  
 Gretzinger, Adam.  
 Godman, James H.  
 Graves, Banner  
 Gibson, William A.  
 Gist, George W.

Killed in action June 14, 1863.

Grove, David  
 Hoffman, Leonard  
 Hitzelberger, Joseph K.  
 \*Huffington, William O.  
 Hess, Lewis H.  
 Haines, Lewis  
 \*Hubbard, Thomas J.  
 \*Hyman, Samuel  
 Haller, Calvin J.  
 Heath, Charles L.

\*Jones, Hamilton  
 Jones, Charles W.  
 Kolb, Andrew R.  
 King, Charles  
 \*Keyser, John  
 Maxwell, William  
 Maxwell, Charles F.  
 Maccubin, Joshua  
 Morgan, Lemual H.  
 Meads, William H.  
 Maguire, Williams  
 Mifflin, George W.  
 McManus, Daniel  
 Murphy, Michael  
 \*McGeoch, William A.  
 Moffett, William H.  
 \*Miller, John A.  
 Miller, Frederick  
 Newman, Thomas M.  
 \*Pursley, George O.  
 \*Porter, William H.  
 Patten, Harris  
 Pratt, George W.  
 Rial, Thomas B.  
 \*Ritzius, Henry  
 Richardson, Isaac N.  
 Reese, Aquilla A.  
 Riorden, James M.  
 Rarick, Charles W.  
 \*Shultze, John A. G.

\*Seebold, George W.  
 Seebold, Frank  
 Stevens, John H.  
 \*Sweeting, Benjamin F.  
 \*Sinclair, Henry  
 Spielman, Theodore S.  
 Stansbury, John T.  
 \*Schmidt, Rudolph  
 Sherwood, Robert  
 Schoelkopf, John  
 Smoot, Hiram  
 \*Saylor, John W.  
 Taylor, Henry S.  
 \*Torpy, Michael W.  
 Thompson, William J.  
 Thompson, Joseph V.  
 Wood, Isaiah E.  
 \*Wetter, Randolph W.  
 \*Warnick, Richard J.  
 \*Wyman, John W.  
 \*Wild, Frederick W.  
 \*Wallis, John W.  
 Wesley, William H.  
 Weitzel, William  
 Wright, John W.  
 Wilson, Charles W.  
 Yeo, George A.  
 Young, Samuel J.  
 Ziegler, Christian













